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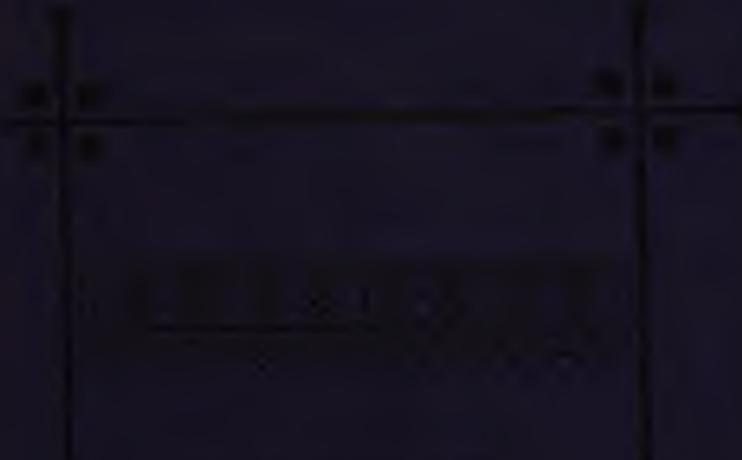
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HYMNS
OF THE
INNER LIFE
—
CULVER





Hymns
OF THE
Inner Life of the Christian;
OR,
Spiritual Songs,

CHEERBRATING THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE NEW TESTAMENT MYSTERY,
THE MYSTERY OF CHRIST IN SOME OF ITS MANIFOLD
OPENINGS, BEARINGS, AND SPIRITUAL WONDERS, AS FOUND IN THE
EXPERIENCE OF THE PEOPLE OF GOD.

LONDON :
HAUGHTON & CO., 10, PATERNOSTER ROW.

—
1873.

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P R E F A C E.

If any account of these Hymns be inquired for—the reply, as derived from their history, may be, that—they are preserved fruits. In the first instance, portions of experience—fruit found and gathered in the quiet waiting within the interior presence of the dear condescending Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and there having to do with God in Him, by the anointing of the blessed Comforter. Designed to draw into the fellowship the inward man in the Christian, as he stands in his interior state, and comes with many varied experiences, under the ministration of the Spirit in Christ: which things the author has sought to represent in the form of Hymns and spiritual Songs; an employment, which became to him much more a spiritual occupation in the Divine presence than a mere mental effort; and if afresh deigned by the Holy Spirit to be made use of to souls, may become fruit just plucked from the Tree of Paradise.

The early part of the year 1852 was the date when these hymns were commenced to be written, and were taken up and added to, at intervals during four years as the incidents transpired out of which they grew. It is not to be supposed that they who have not in their souls the faith and love of our

Lord Jesus Christ, and that possess not an understanding heart capable of being exercised in the spiritual union with Him, should find in these compositions much to satisfy them. One important principle has stood inexorable over the composer's mind—namely, that the creations of human fancy, or the conceptions of the mere mind of man, however sublime or striking, are inadmissible into religious things. This truth has constrained him to pluck fancy's wing occasionally, and to renounce whatever proved itself to be unreal or unsubstantial in Christ, however poetically pleasing such things might appear; he has therefore sought, according to his measure of ability and judgment, to stay his mind upon spiritual help, and to come under the clear, bright stream of unctuous teaching, in order that he might set forth spiritual things, not in the words that man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth, comparing spiritual things with spiritual.

But although this has been his sincere, constant, and earnest aim, he is quite ready to stand humbly associated with any representation, which to a truly discerning mind shall discover weakness and imperfection. While with profound awe, and much lowliness of mind, but in strong love, he dedicates to a Covenant Jehovah—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—such portions as, by their savoury service to the hearts of the faithful, prove that they are of the Spirit's inspiration and production.

EDWIN CULVER.

HYMNS.

L.M.

*O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of His praise
to be heard : which holdeth our soul in life.—Psa. lxvi.*

1 8, 9.

1 **S**PIRIT Eternal ! inward Guide,
'Tis Thine our praises to provide ;
In thee th' inspiring Name doth bring
The opening, and the praise we sing.

2 His Name, ye people, in you known,
Is where " our God " His saints doth own ;
O bless Him, who divinely holds
In inward life, our oft-tried souls.

3 Come, celebrate that hold profound,
Whose nature forms our inward ground ;
Where springs of life eternal rise,
And all our living state supplies.

4 He holds in life, from sin and hell,
Though hell may rage and sin rebel ;
" Our God " th' eternal grace displays,
" Our God " inspires th' eternal praise.

5 O precious life, effectual hold ;
Lord, now therein our souls enfold ;
Thy name spread forth in all these hearts,
Cleanse, quicken, free our inward parts.

HYMNS.

2

L.M.

Blessing in the Name.

1 "OUR God," how rich His opening Name !
 His blessing makes us bless again ;
 Who that discern the stream within,
 But feel they are constrained to sing ?

2 In life held in by His own hand,
 The souls that know "our God" shall stand ;
 At large we walk in inward ground ;
 His Name embraces us around.

3 Thy Name, which holds in life reveal'd,
 A might all-conquering doth it wield ;
 Faith holds release from ev'ry foe,
 While forth the precious Name doth flow.

4 We bless, and find Thy opening Name
 With inward grace the song sustain ;
 We bless, and find faith, hope, and love,
 " Our God " in blessing doth improve.

5 'Tis solemn where the soul retires,
 And turns from what " our God " inspires ;
 However small the rising be,
 It strengthens, Lord, in praising Thee.

6 O bless " our God," His people bless !
 The life is streaming in your midst ;
 His living works in you abound ;
 Make you His unctuous praises sound.

3

C.M.

The call to Confidence.

1 CHRIST calls our hearts to confidence,
 And shall we not confide ?
 How vain to stay with feeble sense
 Which must in flesh abide !

HYMNS.

2 Christ calls our hearts to confidence;
 O shall we not confide,
When His own inward providence
 Doth all faith's help provide?

3 Where'er His saints His mercy seek,
 There shall His shade rest down;
There to their hearts Himself will speak,
 And make His presence known.

4 Say not—To some one He may speak,—
 Yet to thee find Him near;
Substantiate as well as seek,
 And praise shall say, “He's here.”

4

C.M.

Confidence finds her Help.

- 1 CHRIST'S hands, which hold with us
 life's bond,
 No work for us do leave;
Still He enjoins us this beyond,
 That we in Him believe.
- 2 He broke through death on His dear part,
 Salvation us to bring;
Now through His word shout with the heart,
 And break through foes to Him.
- 3 He saith, " I am thy God, thy help:"
 The heart moves at His word:
O saints! confide, His arm is felt,
 Sure as His voice is heard.
- 4 Now lean upon His arm and power,
 Be strong in your dear Lord;
Confidence finds Christ's hands her tow'r,
 And there her great reward.

HYMNS.

5

L.M.

Feeding within the Fold.

1 OUR Shepherd into stillness leads,
Where pastures fresh, large, living rise;
His flock in hearing ever feeds,
The Lord our largest want supplies.

2 "Put forth," are we within the place,
Where resteth down our living Lord,
A folded flock, to feed in grace,
And know what union doth afford.

3 O let us feed! and we here see
What "with the Lord one spirit" is,
See "As thou, Father, art in me,"
With its profound in righteousness.

4 Our verdant, rich provisions grow
Where wisdom's sheep-walks rise of old,
Where streams in stillness deeply flow
From God in Christ within the fold.

6

L.M.

The Sheep feeding even in the midst of their enemies.

1 LET us in stillness have our Lord,
And His strong, sure provision there;
Then outward ills we can afford
Most unresistingly to bear.

2 O let not feeding sheep attempt
With any wolf t'engage in war!
The shepherd folds his flock, exempt
From all defence and every care.

3 This feeding with our Lord within,
How rich the substance, what defence!
And there the saints His honours sing
That foes without shan't drive them thence.

HYMNS.

4 Too blest the fold is to forsake
For any outward good or ill;
Inward, we'll rest, still there partake;
Outward, we'll prove our Lord's good will.

C.M.

*The Law drives by its terrors; Jesus Christ sweetly
draws into and within the fold, wherein, in truth, Sinai
is never heard.*

1 NO, not a breath from Sinai's roar
Disturbs the feeding sheep;
They, put by Jesus through "the door,"
The fold and following keep.

2 With hopeless pangs, guilt-scourging throngs,
They come to Christ, the door;
Who shows to faith, the fold belongs
To such for evermore.

3 Thanks be to God, th' atonement there,
Ground pure, complete, renewed;
The fold spread large, with its sweet care,
And grace, by God, endow'd.

4 Now, the dear Shepherd's voice we know,
Clear, sweet, alluring sound;
He speaks, and there rich pastures grow,
There life eternal's found.

5 Lord, that we stay in feeding rest,
O keep us wise "in Thee;"
The sheep, to know and feel they're blest,
Within the fold must be.

6 The blessed fold in God is found,
'Tis sealed with cov'nant blood;
Its walls absorb old Sinai's sound,
Praise to th' Incarnate Word.

HYMNS.

7 Tho' Sinai's thunder burn, and roar,
 Poor guilty man around ;
Our blest, dear fold, for evermore
 In feeding calm is found.

C.M.

8 *The standing forming the State. "Wisdom—
 happy is every one that retaineth her."*

1 SWEETLY God's hidden wisdom proves,
 Salvation to the soul ;
It shows our standing gives what moves,
 As mental springs control.

2 Held simply on our ground, in God,
 His Spirit fills the mind ;
Our new-state springs diffuse abroad,
 And flesh is left behind.

3 But if temptation snare the mind—
 Turn it to nature's ground,
At once some carnal root we find,
 And miry springs abound.

4 Now faith unfixed hears not, faints down,
 The mind the ground has left ;
Death's atmosphere has overborne,
 How soon of life bereft !

5 Then, Lord, to mind what Thou hast said,
 And stand where Christ doth reign ;
With Thee in death, with Thee I'm dead,
 With Thee alive again !

6 Wisdom's dear light bids faith renew
 At once her strength in Him ;
Shows there God's mighty Spirit, too,
 Will take the mind from sin.

HYMNS.

7 O precious wisdom's light and grace,
 To honour our dear Lord!
Meekly we stay in Christ's embrace,
 All glory to the Word.

C.M.

9 *The promise which he hath promised us, even eternal life.*

1 O THE dear "promise, promised us,
 Even eternal life!"
What a sure freedom from the curse,
 And from misgiving's strife!

2 If we would seek from creature's grounds
 To help our inward course,
"The Promise" tells, its spring abounds
 From motives in the source.

3 O come then on the ground of birth,
 Begotten by the Word!
With no life-springs in all the earth,
 Since first that voice you heard.

4 O simply come by union bonds!
 Whence comes the trust you have;
The gift and giving corresponds,
 They're life ordained to save.

C.M.

10 *The Promise of Life is an opening internally in the Christian's soul.*

1 L ET but confession guilt discharge,
 Behold th' atonement near;
"Life promised" then shall us enlarge,
 Lo, see its opening here!

2 Our faith sees in the element
 The majesty of God;
We gain th' interior where 'tis sent,
 And where it flows abroad.

HYMNS.

3 Our spirits break from every tie,
At once the prospect clears;
Enduring, blest Eternity,
With God, the Life appears.

4 Here is our temple, inward, grand,
“ The Father and the Son ; ”
O let it soul-inspiring stand,
Eternal life begun !

5 I thank my God, through Jesus Christ,
For this triumphant law
Of him in Christ, in action first,
Now mine for evermore.

6 My spirit finds its service thus,
Beneath the Spirit’s care ;
The hateful flesh, e’en worse and worse,
Wastes out its workings there.

11

L.M.
The Harps of Gold.

1 I LOVE the sound of those rich harps,
Which sweep divine o’er Zion’s hill ;
Vigour and joy their tone imparts,
Their strains do our best thanks fulfil.

2 “ The harps of God ” ! how rarely heard,
Sweet flowing awe—rich mellow sound ;
Still there’s a remnant where the Word
Makes His own truth and love abound.

3 See, how the sacred hill they mount,
Their spirits pure, their hands made clean ;
They stand, they vibrate at that fount
Where God’s inspired ones only sing.

HYMNS.

4 Hark ! how these harps give sweetly forth,
Purely, the great, the glorious Name !
Which saves our guilty souls from wrath,
But harps a sweet dissolving flame.

5 Hark ! there is glorious substance there !
These harps of God bring Christ to sight ;
Now heavenly inspirations bear
Our loving souls to hills of light.

6 Ah ! here the congregation sounds,
The unity is one rich harp ;
Jehovah's name in all resounds,
Full, is each tongue and strong each heart.

7 Oh ! Zion's summit then we gain,
And harps with harps of glorified,
Mighty, essential sounds sustain,
Which outward thoughts and words deride.

8 Mount Zion's myriad harps must tell,
Divine delight !—God resting down !
But God's strung harps now inward dwell,
There is the precious earnest known.

12

C.M.

Life craves support in kind.

1 **W**HEN in the flesh its wants have force, .
Life craves support in kind ;
But in the Spirit's life and course
One new desire we find.

2 When in the flesh its tendencies
Demand that they be fed ;
And help from God nor wants nor sees,
Nor dreams it " flesh is dead."

HYMNS.

3 When in the flesh, its tendencies
 Hold the desires and will ;
 While every power in flesh will rise,
 Its service to fulfil.

4 When in the flesh, it wants alone,
 That on which turn its fires ;
 Flesh dreads the inward cross should come
 Guarding what it desires.

5 The outward world and human state
 Join issue from one root ;
 Objects of sense then interests make,
 And death preys on the fruit.

6 But turn to Christ, and let the mind
 Strike inward down in him ;
 The branch confiding, soon shall find
 The root deliverance bring.

7 The life, the wondrous mighty life,
 Shows flesh is dead at root ;
 Then in the Spirit midst the strife
 We leave its loathsome bruit.

8 Yes, in the Spirit, O, we find
 That cravings left decline !
 That the new branch of heavenly kind
 Enjoys a law divine.

13

8.8.6.8.8.6.
Glorious substance.

¹ O THOU vast pearl ! substantial truth,
 E'en though unpolished or uncouth
 God's jewel may appear ;
 Thy grand in-working, " I in them,"
 Is every word thereof a gem,
 Gained inwardly while here.

HYMNS.

2 Let diamonds or rubies show
Resplendent substance, beauteous hue,
And great ones seize that prize ;
But, O my rich, substantial Christ !
His glorious substance can't be priced
For value in my eyes.

3 The darkest night that e'er occurred
Was my soul's nature, till the Word,
My Pearl, shone out so bright ;
My blackened state though hell depraved,
His living, shining substance saved,
By its profounds of light.

4 Its secret precious light displays
In me Jehovah's saving ways,
And charms my soul from hell ;
And various aspects, lustrous rays,
Ever unfolding, stir my praise,
My beauteous Christ to tell.

5 Ah ! in my labyrinths of woes,
Its worth around my spirit throws
Effectual influence.
Though all its splendour be withdrawn,
Against myself still on I'm borne,
The hope that lives springs thence.

6 The hope to find divine increase,
Urges my soul from self to cease,
Inward to store this gem.
O, I'd not lose one spoken word !—
Each voice divine that's truly heard
Brightens my diadem.

14

The Pearl of Great Price (found).

L.M.

¹ MY precious pearl ! Thy substance bright
 Holds my desire, fills my delight ;
 Thy vasts of preciousness and worth
 Infold my heart through my new birth.

² My precious pearl ! Thy love I find
 From things of earth takes heart and mind ;
 I bless my God's eternal name,
 The Gospel substance to me came.

³ Christ in the Spirit there of God,
 His living glories sheds abroad,
 Whose own eternal glory shines,
 Like mighty gems in deep, deep mines.

⁴ Feebly vast unop'd gems must tell,
 Christ's glorious own ineffable ;
 But oh ! in love's bright times I see
 Bright, wondrous bright, this Christ in me.

⁵ Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
 What God hath treasured in the Word ;
 For, in the Spirit too I see
 God an abyss of gems to me.

⁶ And standing forth in that profound,
 That His bright substance might be found
 (Transporting grace ! beyond all price !)
 Christ forms a pearly paradise.

⁷ Its joyous sight ! oh, how it glows
 In strong desire and heart repose !
 Which glorious gems and jewels bring,
 T' adorn the Church for her great King.

HYMNS.

8 O urge me not without to pass ;—
I've life my gems in Christ t' amass ;
Till down my jasper city hurl,
My rest of glory is my Pearl.

L. M.

15 *He went and sold all that he had and bought it (the pearl).*

1 O HOW can I my centre find,
O'erpow'ring to my heart and mind ;
Its shining how can I secure ?
O ! what will keep its worth in power ?

2 Well, what's my pearl ? What casket holds
That which all my delight infolds ?
O, 'tis the Incarnate mystery,
God's hidden wisdom within me.

3 The “ Word made flesh ! ” I want no more
Than o'er this gem of gems to pore ;
This is my soul's dear life, but oh !
A life of sense hangs round me too.

4 My pearl ! Why, 'tis God's sceptre's charm
To draw my soul to His rich calm ;
I will confess its majesty
To work His sovereign will in me.

5 Through Christ I'll sell whate'er in mind
Comes present where my pearl I find ;
And “ what I have,” which Christ will show,
I'll grasp my pearl, and let that go.

6 He wills His crown I should adorn,
My pearl my substance shall transform ;
And oh ! to be a gem of praise,
I'd bear His will throughout my days.

HYMNS.

7 Whichever way it turns its rays,
Both prosper and give songs of praise ;
And then while "all perfection ends,"
Still brighter glory forth this sends.

8 And as to all this life of sense,
"True riches" shall attract me thence ;
My pearl my Father's image holds,
I'll drink the glory it unfolds.

16

S.M.
Jesus Christ known after the spirit.

1 WHEN sin is felt as chains,
When guilt a prison stands,
And ruined hopes in man retains
No pow'r to escape such bands :

2 How suitable is "Christ,"
How fitly "Jesus" speaks ;
Though guilt whelm high, grace rises high'st
For Christ all bondage breaks.

3 He says, Behold in Me
A liberty indeed ;
Salvation, mighty, living, free,
If you have only need.

4 And, as I look to Him,
My surety He appears ;
And as my case to Him I bring,
Th' anointed in me bears.

5 Blest Oneness now spreads wide ;
Behold in Christ I'm found,
Wash'd, justified, yea sanctified
On God's most righteous ground.

HYMNS.

17

S.M.
Christ known.

- 1 **M**Y bonds and burdens too,
Christ shows me how to leave ;
While His interior comes to view,
Where, blest in Him I live.
- 2 And oh, th' exchange how great !
From chains to His embrace ;
From prison to Christ's rich estate,
And God my Father's face.
- 3 O, I must show His praise !
(Mercy is His delight),
That He my helpless soul should raise,
From darkness to His light.
- 4 But still in Christ I'll stand,
And so the Spirit keep ;
For there no foe can " find His hand,"
Our intercourse to break.

C.M.

18

Made us to sit together in the heavenlies in Christ Jesus.

- 1 **T**HESE heavenlies ! how profoundly spread ;
How bright, how free, how fair !
Blest saints, your " quick'ning from the dead,"
Seats you with Jesus there.
- 2 " Our conversation in times past
Ran greedily to wrath ; "
But God's rich love and mercy vast !
His Christ, " our life," brings forth.
- 3 " Together with Him ; " here's our heaven ;
With Him hath quickened us ;
" Together with Him we are risen,"
To our bright heavenlies thus.

HYMNS.

4 O pass the inward avenue,
 What have we short of Christ ?
Therefore did He our souls renew,
 From thence then why enticed.

5 Behold the quick'ning element,
 Transition might contains ;
Who wraps therein as heavenlies sent,
 Transported gains those plains.

6 "With Him ! " oh, with Him heaven shines
 round ;
Should we not be with Him ?
Blest saints to His dear kingdom bound,
 Your heavenly joys begin.

* * * * *

7 The Godhead fulness through the Son,
 Streams o'er the inwardness ;
Divinely sweet its issues run,
 Sustaining mighty bliss.

8 In us who there in spirit come,
 With those in glory found,
The joy through all the heavenlies run,
 On this eternal ground.

9 Here shines our "Christ unsearchable,"
 Our one eternal state ;
Though powers more vast its vasts must tell,
 Now, heavenly seats we take.

10 God's glorious quick'ning grace how rich,
 What kindness here He shows !
And as more heavenly still we reach,
 More bright our temple grows.

HYMNS.

19

The inner man under the anointing in Christ.

L.M.

1 O ! EVER let thankoffering rise
Inward to God above the skies,
Whose temple Christ anoints His saints,
With rich investments, sweet constraints.

2 Behold the inner man therein,
The " I in you," th' anointing bring ;
His image and large inward state,
Lo ! see thereby our God create.

3 Behold too, there, His rich supplies
For prayer, for praise, for sacrifice ;
His unction, His enduring meat,
His hope, His joy, His savour sweet :

4 His pow'rs, and present God of might,
His light and glory ever bright ;
And mark His kindling inward fire,
His Father grants all His desire.

5 Behold as God His Christ defends,
And forth o'er Him salvation sends,
So, all these sons of oil do share
That same defence, and saving care.

6 O, here we feel " Jehovah hears,
And saves the souls the myst'ry bears ;
His saving strength, His holy heaven,
Are in th' anointing to us given."

20

Christ, the power of God, and the wisdom of God.

L.M.

1 YE souls that know not how to live
To God, yet think what you would give
To know that you were saved from sin,
And by the Lord were gathered in.

HYMNS.

- 2 Have you not something in your breast
Marring your every earthly rest,
Distracting oft the sinful mind,
Sin-sick, but no escape can find.
- 3 Behold, the Gospel word contains
A remedy for all your pains ;
There Jesus Christ, the sinner's friend,
Doth God for your salvation send.
- 4 To Him, to Him your state now bring,
And your desire, press that to Him ;
See, see it tracks an inward path,
'Midst death and sin, and sense of wrath.
- 5 The souls lost, dark, perplex'd, quite gone
From all inventions of their own,
Find Christ God's wisdom's living ray
Dawning to bring salvation's day.

21

L.M.
The same.

- 1 THE power of God is Christ to those
Who faint beneath their sinful woes ;
Desire, by Him, stands every shock,
Until you reach the living Rock.
- 2 Lo see them lost enough to throw
Their helpless soul, with all its woe,
On Christ alone for strength and grace,
Wisdom and power and righteousness.
- 3 As power of God, He will inspire,
And feed the strength of your desire ;
New powers create, and give them might
To struggle on into the light.

HYMNS.

4 O trust Him ! He's ordained to show
The way, and take you in it too ;
He'll open His atoning blood,
And teach you how to live to God.

22

C.M.
Quickened together with Him.

1 GREAT Lord, when first Thy grace made
G known
Thy Father's quick'ning power,
Raising Thee glorious to His throne,
That was our quick'ning hour.

2 Thy blessed Gospel's wondrous sound
Declared Thy life and death ;
But when our God in Thee we found
Then came the quick'ning breath.

3 Great quick'ning power of our God,
Declaring Thee His Son ;
Thy mighty life be all adored,
Its opening is begun.

4 Quickened together—precious thought !
We love this heavenly place,
And mark the Father's power that wrought
Th' extending vast embrace.

5 This heav'ly house, this rich profound,
Through Thee, of life and grace ;
Our God, our living, inward ground,
Our glorious heav'ly place.

6 The Head, all conq'ring, raising first,
And then His members too ;
See, life divine, our graves all burst,
Then here we live anew.

HYMNS.

7 Together raised ! in Thee to live ;
Dear Lord, 'tis wondrous grace ;
While all our sins Thou dost forgive,
Quickened by Thine embrace.

C.M.

23 *Resurrection power, a ground of hope in extremity, and also of obedience in Christ.*

- 1 DEAR risen Lord, thy glorious pow'r
Pervades this principle,
By which, e'er since our quick'ning hour,
Thou dost within us dwell.
- 2 Keep clear our faith in sovereign breath,
The Word of pow'r in Thee,
Then firm, although cast down in death,
Our rising ground shall be.
- 3 Our state in Thee admits no change,
Its glorious pow'r we see ;
From trials, sinkings, deaths, and pains,
We're quickened, Lord, by Thee.
- 4 Just the same glorious pow'r that wrought
When in the grave Thou lay,
And caused to bear, we see Thee brought
To everlasting day.
- 5 So, the same principle of might
Through Thee in us is found ;
Newness of life, if faith be right,
Shall in Thy saints abound.
- 6 We'll walk therein, confess thereto,
Our chaste n'd souls shall be
In righteousness giv'n up anew
As instruments to Thee.

HYMNS.

7 In Thee Thy fulness well supplies
The powers Thou dost create ;
Thy power, O Lord ! both purifies
Our walk, and frees our state.

L.M.

24 *The substance partaken of in the ordinance of the Lord's Supper.*

- 1 DEAR gracious Lord, when Thou dost spread
Thy table with Thy wondrous bread,
I crave Thy aid at every step,
Lest I should let the substance slip.
- 2 I well would mark, that all the grace
Which I partake doth find its place
Flowing, substantial, living, fresh,
From Thee, the wondrous Word made flesh.
- 3 Great Son of Man, divinely seal'd,
As substance here of God reveal'd,
When Thus Thy glorious state is known,
'Tis meat indeed, our spirits own.
- 4 No carnal body then is seen ;
The Word made flesh on earth has been ;
Glorified Lord ! through bonds divine,
Thy nature into saints doth shine.

L.M.
The same.

- 1 THOU substance, glorious, most refined,
Never to carnal sense defined ;
Thy nature formed our souls anew,
And since that birth has fed them too.

HYMNS.

2 Lord, 'tis its beams that give us light,
And bring Thee glorious to our sight ;
It in the soul's recesses come,
We in the heavenlies feel at home.

3 Yes, every craving having filled,
And love divine throughout distilled,
It makes its eaters to ensure
Bright earnest that we shall endure.

26 C.M.
The confession in the ordinance of the Lord's Supper.

1 L ORD, Thou dost overshadowing stand,
To make the feast divine,
In mystery stretching forth Thy hand
To use the bread and wine.

2 An ordinance of deepest kind
Now stands before our faith,
Which deals with mysteries most refined,
And marks what Jesus saith.

3 He holdeth forth the bread, and saith,
" This is My flesh to you ; "
Faith takes, and saith, " Lord, I confess,
And eat Thy substance too."

4 He holdeth forth the cup, and saith,
" This is my blood to you ; "
Lord, it doth wash us we confess,
'Tis Thy new cov'nant flow.

5 Glorified Lord, Thy Spirit brings
Thy presence in the midst,
Which, joined with these ordained things,
Becomes indeed a feast.

8.7's.

Labour for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall give unto you, for 27 him hath God the Father sealed.

1 **G**REAT Dispenser ! by Thy sealing,
Son of Man, through whom we live,
Inward powers their hunger feeling,
Crave the meat that thou dost give.

2 Head of all communication,
Holding forth enduring food ;
Through the Spirit's dispensation,
We are waiting on Thy Word.

3 Faith desires Thy ministration,
Lab'ring, seeks her inward ground ;
Presses to the revelation,
Holds Thy words are to be found.

4 Of the "lab'ring," Lord, we'd mind Thee,
Heart's desire must have Thy meat ;
Not in outwardness we find Thee,
Through thy means we seek to eat.

5 Sealed saints, and Jesus sealed,
Faith doth find within one fold ;
God the Father thus revealed
All the mystery doth hold.

6 Feeder, fed, and food securing,
Flowing, giving, eating too ;
Life eternal's food enduring ;
Lord, the banquet oft renew.

HYMNS.

C.M.

The eyes of the Lord run to and fro through the whole earth to show Himself strong on the behalf of all them whose hearts are perfect towards Him.—1 Chron. xvi. 9.

28

- 1 O GRACIOUS promised help and strength,
To upright spirits shown ;
And see, His eyes run through the earth !
To make the mercy known !
- 2 O Lord ! our hearts toward Thee tend ;
All props away we thrust ;
O now the sovereign mercy send !
Our only hope and trust.
- 3 “ To show Himself ! ” how full from hence
Our great supplies shall flow ;
God is the upright soul’s defence,
The upright’s glory too.
- 4 “ To show Himself ! ” and when we see
Jehovah in the midst,
Our fears and foes together flee,
E’en griefs are good and blest.
- 5 I would maintain the perfect heart,
With such a friend so nigh ;
Dear God, have room to bear my part,
No foreign aid I’d buy.
- 6 “ Run to and fro through all the earth ! ”
O care most marvellous ;
Dear God, shall we of heavenly birth
From perfect trusting cease ?
- 7 We bless thee, Lord, whose perfect strength
In upright hearts abounds ;
Whose grace unknown in depth, height,
Such favoured souls surrounds. [length,

HYMNS.

8.7.4.

29 · *The Christian's spirit turning from murmuring to faith, and finding there the opening inheritance.*

1 O MY Father ! see my spirit,
How my inward pow'rs all droop ;
But if thus I must inherit,
And this is the door of hope,
I'll not murmur,
But substantiate the grace.

2 See how many woes betide me,
Brief the space I'm free from grief,
But as Jesus stands beside me
Constant there for my relief ;
I'll not murmur,
But substantiate the grace.

3 Cov'nant scourging, oft-repeated,
Life one whole affliction seems ;
But within the work completed
There must dwell strong glory-beams !
Why then murmur,
I'll substantiate the grace.

4 Dare I scan how Thou dost save me,
If the way but be Thy own ;
Mine was hell, but grace Thou gav'st me,
All for Thy dear sake alone ;
Murmur ! never,
But substantiate the grace.

30 · *The same.*

1 THY good Spirit's consolation,
Oft must in my spirit flow ;
Source of all my aspiration,
Christ deliv'ring me from woe.
I'll not murmur,
But substantiate the grace.

HYMNS.

2 While to Thee I'm longing, sighing,
It must be Thy Spirit comes ;
Life inspiring, bonds untying,
What I feel is—He consumes ;
Murm'ring never,
I'll substantiate the grace.

3 O thou blessed, promised Spirit !
On Thy pow'r alone I wait ;
Caused by Thee again t'inherit,
Change will all the interior state ;
Grace substantial
Shall eternal joy create.

C.M.

31 *Searching into the inward state before the Lord,
wherefore the present very trying experience.*

1 L ORD, here I am, depressed and bruis'd,
Nor know I what to do ;
Grief through my spirit is diffused,
Weights all my pow'rs subdue.

2 I look to Thee, my glory shorn,
'Midst languor, coldness, death !
O wherefore is the presence gone,
And gone, Thy quickening breath !

3 I sin, if wrongs I will resent,
Love thus I grieve away ;
Wrath is a blasting element,
Allowed the smallest stay.

4 Envy destroys my meek repose,
And strength in th' heavenly will ;
Lust into outward seeking goes,
With flesh the mind to fill.

HYMNS.

5 Has care devoured my cleaving state ?
 My God, I'd bring the foe
 To Thee, and on Thy mercy wait,
 Whatever sin Thou show.

6 Has reasoning, through an ungirt mind,
 Ate vital knowledge up ?
 Or unbelief, that ne'er could find
 The substance of my hope.

7 Lord, if I yield to such foul foes,
 It sometimes is Thy will
 To let their might my state oppose,
 And not Thy strength reveal !

32

C.M.
Health of soul preserved.

1 MY Lord, do I not hold Thy hate,
 And fear to everything
 That can destroy my living state,
 And so much sorrow bring ?

2 Those roots, sapped down, can never grow
 But through some fallow ground ;
 Much to preventing grace I owe,
 For oft is bruising found.

3 The flesh becomes a little whole,
 And soon some old root starts ;
 The Word, consuming through the soul,
 Then saves the inward parts.

4 There's something inwardly consumes,
 And deeply slays my soul,
 And when this "inward burning" comes,
 No part within feels whole.

HYMNS.

5 Take Thy own way, dear Lord, to keep
 This inward life of mine ;
My every earthly rising break,
 O own, each day, I'm Thine !

6 Thou givest power to the faint,
 Who true dependence know ;
There's might in Christ for every saint,
 I wait its strengthening flow.

C.M.

33 *The righteous shall hold on his way, and he t
 hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stron*

1 THE righteous shall hold on his way,
 Because he is of God ;
Lord, let this truth from day to day,
 My inward strength afford.

2 O clear and cleanse my righteous hold,
 As found in bonds divine ;
Here wisdom makes poor sinners bold—
 How perfect all that's Thine !

3 I love Thee, in Thy first great love,
 Thy inward way I tread ;
Thy word declared it from above,
 When Sinai left me dead.

4 The nature of my state contains
 Something divine and sure,
Which in the righteous God explains,
 And tells I shall endure.

5 The word of righteousness spreads forth
 In me a way divine ;
Where God, delivering me from wrath,
 Makes His own nature shine.

HYMNS.

34

C.M.
Righteousness within.

1 GREAT God! what marvels are contained
In righteousness within!
When in the reins it is explained,
What grace its openings bring.

2 Thy secret inward drawing is
A mighty gathering-in ;
“ My spirit life, through righteousness,”
“ My body dead, through sin.”

3 Dear God, I shall hold on my way,
Through Thy ingathering strength,
Which doth restore me when I stray,
‘Twill bring me home at length.

4 Through precious blood I'll hold my way,
Vig'rous, oft washed from sin ;
Increase of strength in God each day,
The righteous hold must win.

5 Oft must I wash in precious blood,
To keep the vision clear,
That holds the righteous way and Word,
Which hold the might so near.

35

8.7.4.
Christ's coming inwardly in the Spirit.

PART I.

1 WE who long for Christ's appearing.
Love to know His coming now ;
'Tis one temple God is rearing ;
Glorious hope, but inward too.
O the glory, through the mystery,
Now our Lord's appearing brings.

HYMNS.

2 Vital coming in the Spirit,
 Faith rests in it in the midst ;
Souls through God do thus inherit
 Where Christ's mystery is confess'd.
O the glory, through the mystery,
Now our Lord's appearing brings !

3 O afflicted and enduring,
 Waiting, longing for your Lord ;
See your patience grace securing,
 Glories in the kingdom Word.
O the glory, through the mystery,
Now our Lord's appearing brings !

4 Let us strive in Church communion,
 Above all things Christ to raise ;
Christ in thousand streams of unction,
 Thousand streams of power to save.
O the glory, through the mystery,
Now our Lord's appearing brings !

5 In true patience Christ is coming,
 Faith and hope attend His way :
He the inward ground assuming,
 Reigns in souls resigned t' obey.
O the glory, through the mystery,
Now our Lord's appearing brings !

6 What abounding satisfaction
 Now His inward coming brings ;
Food, strength, comfort, Christ in action,
 Fellowship in heavenly things.
O the glory, through the mystery,
Now our Lord's appearing brings.

HYMNS.

8.7.4.

Christ's coming inwardly in the spirit. "Jesus answered, If a man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."—John xiv. 23.

36

PART II.

- 1 "WE will come"—O what a temple,
 In the spirit here is found !
 House of God ! 'yond all example,
 Quicken ing, loving, glorious ground.
 O the glory,
 Now our Lord's appearing brings.
- 2 Christ appearing and increasing,
 In the saints the ground of God ;
 'Midst man's wreck and empires ceasing,
 See God's house stands forth abroad.
 O the glory,
 Now our Lord's appearing brings !
- 3 Solemn end of every ord'nance,
 Every prayer, every word—
 Christ's appearing—substance from thence,
 O my soul embrace thy Lord !
 O the glory,
 Now our Lord's appearing brings !
- 4 O the happy shadowing centre !
 Where I rest in what I've heard ;
 To the heavenlies further enter,
 By the incorporating Word.
 O the glory,
 Now our Lord's appearing brings !
- 5 Loving, hearing, keeping, serving,
 See Jehovah inward come ;
 Rearing thus the wondrous temple,

HYMNS.

Glorious service, blissful home.
O the glory,
Now our Lord's appearing brings.

6 Happy end of all our sighing,
Our temptations and our groans,
Working out, through Thy incoming,
Our great, glorious temple stones.
O the glory,
Now our Lord's appearing brings !

C.M.

37 *The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.*

- 1 I GLORY in the law of life,
Between my Lord and me,
And stand amidst my sinning strife,
From sin and death made free.
- 2 Jesus within, through sovereign grace,
In whom sin was condemned,
That righteousness should hold this place,
And all my powers defend.
- 3 Secret, but active, there's a mind
That always makes for God,
While storms of lustful flesh I find,
Teach me His sovereign Word.
- 4 Truly, my flesh is sold to sin,
Through broke with a great breach ;
Masses surround my life in Him,
A law of sin in each.
- 5 Its overflowings ! oh the pain,
The loathsome vileness then !
And then though state, law, will, remain,
'Tis power I want again.

HYMNS.

6 Yet though my law be hid, I know
It rules amidst the strife ;
Christ holds in me a righteous flow,
My spirit's in the life.

7 I thank my God, through Jesus Christ,
For this triumphant law
Of Him in Christ, in action first,
Now mine for evermore.

8 My spirit finds its service thus,
Beneath the Spirit care ;
The hateful flesh, e'en worse and worse,
Wastes out his workings there.

8.7's.

Sing ye unto her, a vineyard of red wine. I, the Lord do keep it, I will water it every moment; last any hurt it, I will keep it night and day.

38

1 STILLING, sweet, inspiring, singing,
From the Lamb sounds to his bride,
Inward teaching, gently bringing
From the storms on every side.

2 Mark the vine, 'midst desolation,
Yea, the vineyard's guarded ground,
Stilling, quickening, fruitful station,
Know, in Christ your Lord is found.

3 " Lord and life of dispensations,
Here I still unveil my face ;
See, oh, see ! your vital stations,
Come, dwell in the fruitful place."

4 All my spirit keeping, filling,
Lord, I love th' interior place ;
Gentle, tender, sweet distilling,
Elements of mighty grace.

HYMNS.

- 5 Never changing with my feeling,
God the keeper, God the spring,
Secret source of all our healing,
Constant here my soul I'll bring.
- 6 Keeping, watering, staying in it,
Holy and most precious fruit;
Works and gladdens all my spirit,
What an union, what a root!
- 7 Every moment balmy breathings,
Pour'd forth from well-guarded springs,
Meet my faith—one Spirit wreathings,
Rich, luxuriant, heavenly things.
- 8 Great and sore, and strong destruction,
Long-restrained shall Babel slay;
Mark, beloved, his instruction,
Mind, my soul, where thou dost stay.

39

S.M.
The law of the Spirit of Life.

- 1 WE sing that living law
Which broke our bondage state;
Our God our legal weakness saw,
Who strength would re-create.
- 2 He sent His Son in flesh,
Completely in its midst;
Dear Christ! when freed from sin and death,
We feel the work Thou didst.
- 3 This law declares God's Son!
Who bowed beneath our doom,
Rose with His body all as one,
Their bonds left in the tomb.

HYMNS.

4 Lo, see where it has come,
It tells we've been divorced,
From broken sanctions and their doom,
Christ wrought what they enforced.

5 He bore th' unrighteousness,
While God condemned it all;
But now he comes in life and grace,
And men escape man's fall.

6 Thus condemnation's gone,
From us who are in Christ,
We're after that of which we're born,
And God declares us just.

40

S.M.
The same.

1 CHRIST'S law breaks forth within,
And mighty living grace,
Is strength our God in Christ to win,
And dwell before His face.

2 We walk, who hold this law,
A wondrous firm free road,
In Christ, where power of life we draw,
Which brings us on in God.

3 We for the Spirit press,
'Tis our new native state,
Coming, and come in righteousness,
Triumph to all who wait.

4 Thus grows our mighty Root:
The Christ, the Word made flesh;
This law brings forth in us its fruit,
To flourish ever fresh.

HYMNS.

41 *L.M.*
It is sanctified by the Word of God and prayer.
1 **T**HANKSGIVING sanctifies God's gifts,
 To those who know the truth indeed :
 Th' eternal Word their centre is,
 Their common state from sin is freed.
2 Dear Christ, by Thee I'll hold myself
 From taking part in what I do,
 My inclinations mortify,
 Until I find Thy way there—through.
3 By Thee, smite lusting energies,
 Th' offensive creature ne'er employ
 In acts, nor will my state, until
 The Word the cords of sin destroy.
4 Faith in Thy truth shall sanctify,
 And shade my all from doubt and shame ;
 Shall clear the way that doth supply
 The savoury acts, in Thy blest name.
5 How simple, firm, unhurried, free,
 The acts, I, as of Thee perform ;
 Unwilled by carnal tendency,
 My pilgrim wants, with unction warm.
6 Where by the cross I'm brought to live
 Single in heart to Thy good will,
 My acts shall thanks in spirit give,
 Submissive, trusting, serving still.

42 *L.M.*
Seeking deliverance from those interests that dissipate the heart.
1 **D**EAR Lord, while sitting at Thy feet
 In union bonds, Thy drawing sweet
 Holds me in life, Thy glorious power
 Secures the living, hour by hour.

HYMNS.

2 Lord, bring those interests all to light,
That take me wand'ring from Thy sight,
I've but one love that holds my heart,
And Thou hast said we shall not part.

3 Th' abiding ! how it is replete
With op'ning grace for all I meet ;
The substance glorious flows from hence,
And majesty stands for defence.

4 Dear God, O let it never be
That I can live apart from Thee ;
Complacent rest in flesh and blood,
And comfort find without my God.

5 O bruise that life, O void that state,
Those interests all, that dissipate,
By which my breath of life is lost,
And I with earth am found engrossed.

6 Without some cross, if I go on,
My inward acts—alas, they're gone,
I've freedom's frame and bonds divine,
But not the element as mine.

7 Then soon I'm weak, and sad, and low,
Sinking beneath some present woe,
Beguiled, and having ceased to live
The energy my God doth give.

8 My God, that I may breathe life's breath,
O hold me faithful unto death, [high,
Those snares and charms, tho' strong and
Yet held by faith, in death shall die.

43 *Faith's ground of the Lord's watering and keeping.* ^{7's.}

- 1 "I DO keep it," saith the Lord,
 Streams of life shall here be found ;
Children trust the mighty Word,
Here's my ever-watered ground.
- 2 Know My Word, ordained to keep,
And breathe through this secret place,
Moisture from the wondrous deep,
Mighty deep in God of grace.
- 3 Every moment shall afford
Fruit in substance, fresh supplies ;
Mark the source—" 'tis I the Lord,"
See your mighty springs arise.
- 4 O inspiring, precious Word,
Sweet compulsion, force divine,
Breathing from the mouth of God,
See, I trust Thee, I am Thine.
- 5 I present my soul to Thee,
Wash'd and void through Jesus' blood ;
O diffuse Thy might in me,
Might, by which all saints have stood.
- 6 Let me, covert seeking, come ;
Gone from self, revive from Thee ;
Lord, Thy promise doth assume
That I live by Thee in me.
- 7 O 'tis simple to recline
In Thy life, which must abound !
Here indeed is the true Vine,
Here the o'ershadowed, still, moist ground.

HYMNS.

L.M.

44 *The seven angels having the seven last plagues.*

1 **H**OW great and marvellous the sign !
Thus shall the Gentiles and their time ;
See, how august the angels stand,
Each with his vial in his hand.

2 Girded with gold, the great ones show
The work of God they have to do,
His righteous wrath ; their perfect strength,
Long-suffering has its end at length.

3 Tremble, deceivers, and deceived,
Search how the fatal mark's received ;
See, see yon vials which contain,
Your dire confusion, woe and shame.

4 There's wrath almighty, righteous wrath ;
O the dread hour when that comes forth !—
Tell thunders, earthquakes, mighty storms,
Ah ! “filling up” must tell its forms.

5 The “filling up,” almighty wrath !
Tremble, vain man, thou thing of earth ;
Worship, henceforth, is God's alone,
'Tis temple vengeance cometh down.

6 We bless thee, Saviour, Christ, and Lord,
We're made to tremble at Thy word ;
Thy glorious power and majesty
Shall all be ours to dwell in Thee.

L.M.

*And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire :
and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and
over his image, stand on the sea of glass, having the
harps of God.—Rev. xv. 2.*

45 *How great and marvellous the sign !*

1 **H**OW great and marvellous the sign !
See how the eternal Word can shine ;
A glowing heavenly sea of grace,
The victors hold in its embrace.

HYMNS.

- 2 Now see Christ's fulness opening wide
Within the saints an ocean tide ;
All held in God, the victors see
His inwardness their mighty sea.
- 3 What lab'ring through the age in blood ;
O what designs of hell they've stood !
They held their God in might divine,
And now behold their mighty shine.
- 4 They hold that glowing element,
Which God to close the age has sent ;
Embracing God, and living him,
They're conq'rors o'er the beast and sin.
- 5 It holds them in, as pavement spread,
O'er the great wreck and all its dread ;
Lo, saints by this the storms command,
Such the great faith in which they stand.
- 6 They dwell in God, that sea of grace
That glows before His throne and face,
Now flows in them, they harp His name,
Filled with the greatness they proclaim.

46 L.M.
Seeking continuance in the opening centre.

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, O make me rest
Entire and constant on Thy breast ;
Nor aching void, nor grief-press'd flesh,
Force me to turn to outwardness.
- 2 I, in Thy various aspects, Lord,
Confess my centre is Thy Word ;
Yet gain the opening—change the place,
Then lo ! I'm caught with outwardness.

HYMNS.

- 3 Moses surveys the heavenly states,
Comes down, falls wroth, the tables breaks ;
Paul hears the unspeakable of heaven,
Then finds a thorn by Satan driven.
- 4 The raptured three on Tabor's mount,
Find Satan next their power surmount ;
I mourn, Lord, things that dissipate,
When blest, then lose my good blest state.
- 5 O form that veteran heart that saith,
In every state, " I've kept the faith ; "
That knows to travel for the Word,
Then guarded sits till all is heard.
- 6 Then holds that guarding with both hands,
'Gainst numerous wily, hostile bands ;
While what my glorious Father sent,
Becomes true strength and nourishment.
- 7 " I will declare in them Thy name,"
Does mighty, steadfast grace contain ;
It brings the substance walled around,
It settles me on inward ground.
- 8 Rest on Thy bosom, Son of God,
My highest increase must afford ;
Where what I see, as true in Thee,
Becomes a very part of me.

L.M.

47 *Seeking to realise the bearings of the openings in the Spirit.*

- 1 YES, 'tis a precious, solemn thing
To know the openings which do bring
The riches of the heavenly state
To all who on the Spirit wait.

HYMNS.

- 2 Where God doth speak, I'll watch and pray,
Steadfast against what leads astray ;
'Midst differing aspects of Thy face
Fasten upon the inward grace.
- 3 Lord, strengthening thou dost open most,
Ofttimes in breaking through an host ;
Pressing, substantiating still,
Though pressed, Thou dost my treasures fill.
- 4 Ah ! let what may surround my state,
If I can but substantiate,
And hold it out with Thee I'm one—
Health, vigour, strength will surely come.
- 5 Lord when the opening Thou hast sent
Becomes a filling element,
When unctious, gladdening streams abound,
Next creature pleasing may surround.
- 6 But if no unction overflows,
Suspension no sweet sense allows,
I'll set Thee, Lord, before me still,
Lest murmurings rise and cold self-will.
- 7 Still Satan's kingdom breaks and fails,
The Word within us still prevails,
Midst Satan's kingdom still goes forth,
No wonder, then, at plots and wrath.
- 8 Dear Lord, 'tis sovereign love that sends
This Gospel word for sovereign ends ;
The tempter's rage shall be in vain,
Thy truth its bearings shall sustain.

HYMNS.

C.M.

48 *Therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.*

- 1 MY God, though rapt'rous openings end,
And hide their glorious rays,
Thy mouth, on which all words depend,
Thy Word within me stays.
- 2 Say, only say, " My grace shall be
Sufficient for thee still,"
Then bruising and adversity
I'll leave to work Thy will.
- 3 Thy grace shall teach th' afflicted mind
The way to lose its woe ;
My soul, by being here reclined,
The power of Christ shall know.
- 4 O help me in the much tried hour
Thy grace and skill to trust ;
Thy bruising oft destroys the power
Of some intended thrust.
- 5 Satan had marked some part in me,
Call'd forth by things around,
And lest his power make me his prey,
My God makes void that ground.
- 6 Self-exaltation or self-will
Would mingle with my state ;
Or unknown inroads, deadlier still,
The enemy would make.
- 7 Thy bruising and Thy grace, my God !
Yielding, I lose all fear ;
Thy grace to pass beneath Thy rod !
O, I will glory here.

HYMNS.

8 Weakness in me, reclined in grace,
 Meets perfect strength from Thee ;
My God, the cross I will embrace,
 To know Christ's power in me.

7's.

49 *In temptation cleaving to the abiding centre—the eternal Word.*

1 In temptation to abide—
 Christ alone must meet the tide ;
I must leave the pressures all,
 And upon my Centre fall.

2 Here faith's substance op'neth much,
 Held, but not enjoyed as such ;
Creature strait'ning, awe restrained,
 As was Jesus hunger pained.

3 Then would Satan hurl the mind,
 Urging some relief to find ;
Lord, O be my soul subdued,
 To stay in Thy every word !

4 Christ has glory in His view ;
 Satan has his glory too.
Glorying, I must know by this,
 That my Lord its centre is.

5 Strange, absurd, distracting things,
 Oft are those the tempter brings ;
Yet how vain is reasoning well,
 Self can't stem the gates of hell.

6 “ It is written ”—Jesus said—
 That now vital must be made
Precincts, which observed shall be
 Guidance, shelter, strength for me.

HYMNS.

7 Thou hast spoken, O my God,
But the foe decoys abroad ;
If his snares the least avail
What tormenting darts assail.

8 This is the abidance school,
Flesh here breaketh in its rule ;
Cleaving to th' abiding Word,
Doth a crown of life afford.

8.7.4.

My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, because I will publish the name of the Lord.—Deut. xxxii. 2, 3.

50 1 WORD of grace ! thou heavenly ord'nance,
Of the name o'er inward ground ;
Union bonds, by Thy great presence,
Make Thy doctrine to be found,
Sweet distilling,
Substance of the heavenly state.

2 O the precious sweet distilling,
Thy eternal name affords !
Tender gathered spirits filling
With Thy unctious living words,
Sweet distilling,
Substance of the heavenly state.

3 O rest down, thou precious doctrine.
Promised special grace in Him ;
Every sprinkled conscience lauding,
To Thee faith's ascription's bring.
Sweet distilling,
Substance of the heavenly state.

4 Name of Jesus in the unction,
God my Saviour died for me :
Balm of reconciliation,

HYMNS.

Sealing all my state in Thee.
Sweet distilling,
Substance of the heavenly state.

5 Name of Jesus in the unction,
Doctrine washing all my soul,
Through the Lamb with soft compunction
Daily, till I reach my goal.
Sweet distilling,
Substance of the heavenly state.

6 Name of Christ, in unction shining,
Opening precious element,
Knowledge, freedom, joy combining,
O rich mercy to me sent!
Sweet distilling,
Substance of the heavenly state.

8.7.4.

5 1 Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak; and hear
earth, the words of my mouth.—Deut. xxxii. 1.

1 “O YE heavenlies of my people!
I of God sustain your store,
Dispensations, living, able,
To distil for evermore.”
Sweet distilling,
Substance of the heavenly state.

2 O the Word! the bright expression
Of the ineffable of God,
He substantial makes the blessing
As the Father’s covenant Word.
Sweet distilling,
Substance of the heavenly state.

HYMNS.

3 Heavenly mystery, living, sovereign,
Inwardness profound of love ;
Word of glory, resting, hovering,
As the Father's rest above,
Sweet distilling,
Substance of the heavenly state.

4 "Hear, O earth!" my living children,
Promised seed from Abraham's stock,
Know, here stands your dispensation,
Leave, O leave not Israel's rock !
Sweet distilling,
Substance of the heavenly state.

5 Doctrine, through th' interior raining,
Substance rich in mighty grace,
Presence of our God explaining,
Bringing each before His face.
Sweet distilling,
Substance of the heavenly state.

6 O, full centre, emanation,
Rich and gentle, of the Name !
Now the inward ministration,
Soon great restitution rain.
Sweet distilling,
Substance of the heavenly state.

52

^{7's.}
Intercourse with heavenly things.

1 INTERCOURSE with living things
Precious faith's inspiring brings ;
Hand, and eye, and heart, and wing,
All get vigour from within.

HYMNS.

2 In the Spirit we must be,
Things of God in Christ to see ;
But the intercourse shall meet,
Strength'ning from the mercy seat.

3 Life and peace pervade the mind,
That the Comforter must find ;
Gathered in from all things here,
God becomes our atmosphere.

4 In the Spirit: O the peace !
Sweet constraint from self to cease ;
Upward, inward comes the stream,
Meets us from its blissful spring.

5 Precious Christ ! Thy Spirit brings
By His overshadowing wings,
Thine ineffable embrace,
O what rich dissolving grace !

6 Here my increase shines in God,
Fruit and profit of Thy rod ;
Christ's enduring grace by faith,
Glorious motive of my path.

7 O glad hour when I shall fill,
All the measures of Thy will !
Pass for ever and unbound,
To thy inwardness profound.

C.M.

53 *If I may but touch the hem of His garment I shall be whole.*

1 O I would touch that fountain flow
Of virtue all divine !
Jesus, thou righteous Lord, I know
The power to heal is Thine.

HYMNS.

2 The flowing of my sore distress,
Sinks down my weary soul ;
No power on earth can reach my case,
But Thou can'st make me whole.

3 I'm wearied of the creature's help,
They're all an hindering throng ;
O now, here is the drawing felt,
To touch I urge along.

4 O if I may but touch that flow
Of virtue all divine !
I press its sovereign power to know,
Within this soul of mine.

5 Something within constrains and shows
A cent'ring all in Thee,
Contact in Thee, where virtue flows,
My healing, Lord, shall be.

6 Dear Lord, it flows, my soul subdues,
Sweet peace and power abound,
Adoption life my soul renews,
Adoption comfort's found.

7 O sovereign balm ! that could remove
Those guilty sores of mine ;
Blest sovereign balm ! so rich in love ;
Lord, praises shall be Thine.

54

C.M.
The blood of sprinkling.

1 RICH mediation grace that stands
In efficacious blood ;
Jesus, we pass beneath Thy hands,
And come before our God.

HYMNS.

2 Say in my conscience by Thy blood,
“ I crucified thy guilt ; ”
Thus I shall hold my ground in God,
Where inwardly I’m built.

3 “ My blood obtained thy great discharge,
And stands to hold them free ;
See, ‘tis divine thy soul to enlarge,”
Now hold thy springs in Me.

4 Contracted guilt, dark bondage, death,
Blood sprinkled, all must fly ;
We rise in strength with quickened faith,
With our bright centre nigh.

5 Dear dying, living Lamb of God,
O, we will bless Thy Name !
Thy rich profounds of precious blood
Save us always from shame.

55

C.M.
The consecrated way to the Father.

1 O BLESSED pathway through the veil
Of our Redeemer’s flesh ;
Where all our prayers and thanks avail,
And we hear what He saith.

2 Here the blest Spirit of our God
Explains to seeking hearts,
The consecrated path of blood
Which changes inward parts.

3 Access, O blessed access still,
Its wondrous power affords,
Walk here, ye children, all who feel
Desire for living words.

HYMNS.

4 Boldness in Christ pervades this path,
O blessed holy place ;
Draw near, His blood has quenched all wrath,
Come, rest in glorious grace.

5 Your hearts, ye offspring of the truth,
Shall feel the vivid rays ;
Draw near, your fullest hopes and faith
Shall tune His loftiest praise.

C.M.

56 *Having boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Christ, by a new and living way.*

1 " 'TIS new and living ;" every step
God's love by Christ sustains ;
It is for those whose hearts have wept
Their sin-defiling stains.

2 O 'tis rich blood : O way of grace,
My depth of guilt to purge ;
Rich sacrificial holiness,
That can to boldness urge.

3 " New, living way," O holiest !
What stillness, brightness, rest ;
All opening through Thy blood, dear Christ ;
My soul be wise and blest.

4 My dearest Lord, how rich Thy blood
Before the heavenly throne ;
Commingling glories of our God
To be for ever known.

5 Glories of God ; gems living, bright,
Forth flowing round the Lamb,
Eternal walking in the light,
Sustained in Jesu's name.

57

L.M.

The cry of the aching void in the Christian's so

- 1 COMFORTER! Spirit of all grace,
In Thee I have my Father's face,
My Father's power, my Father's love,
In Jesu's name while He's above.
- 2 But ah! oh wherefore this great void,
What has my rest in Thee destroyed;
What that curs'd thing that could devou
In me Thy tender, breathing power?
- 3 O I would serve the living God,
Find Thee enlarge these powers abroad,
Yet save from stillness void of faith,
My state's an opening! or 'tis death!
- 4 I dare not turn to things of earth
To fill my void—but by my birth
Through Thee, on God I wait to feel
The comfort Thou hast to reveal.
- 5 No, I'll refuse, renounce, and cry,
Heart-rung, O see with pitying eye;
I groaning sink to naked trust—
To broken hearts be nigh Thou must.
- 6 Comfortless I cannot be found,
While Jesu's promise is my ground—
“I will not leave you comfortless”—
O, I will sink into this grace.
- 7 Spirit of truth, O still be nigh,
Christ's strength in me to glorify;
Save me from every hind'ring weight
Of sin in acts, or sin in state.

HYMNS.

8 Thy temple Thou must purify,
In and through Christ then I must die ;
O the enlargement, deep the road
To Thy great service, O my God.

58 L.M.
Let us draw near with a true heart.—Heb. x. 22.

- 1 “ **L**ET the true heart in faith draw near,
O come, poor soul, renounce thy fear
That inward, but oppressed desire,
Contains the spark of heavenly fire.”
- 2 Lord, I am sore ashamed to see
And feel my own inconstancy ;
Thy call for a true heart in me,
Constrains me to confess to Thee.
- 3 I feel my state of self and sin,
How wand’ring, faithless, vain I’ve been ;
No truth in all my soul I find,
Until I stand in my new mind.
- 4 For Thine own honour, Thine own sake,
Thou within me hast form’d a state ;
Whence I desire, and love to be,
Minding the Spirit, near to Thee.
- 5 Ah ! here the Christ in me appears,
Then what are all my views, my fears ?
Dear Christ I come by the true heart,
Nor from its guidance dare I part.
- 6 O the rich grace in Christ that I
In spirit, to myself can die ;
Yea, count self dead, then stand alive
In what I from Thyself derive.

HYMNS.

7 Dear Christ, I hear Thee say, “ I come,
Thy surety, quick’ning glory, home ; ”
Then come, and on Thy bosom fall
My life, my strength, my God, my all.

L.M.

*Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow up
my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.-
Cant. iv. 16.*

59 1 THE graces of Thy Spirit live
By Christ in me, and savour give ;
Savour of Christ to God, but oh
How subtle my self-blendings too.

2 Lord, when Thou mak’st Thy north wind blow
To prove the grace Thou dost bestow ;
The balm rests not then round the trees,
Still God its real substance sees.

3 Comfortless then feels all my soul,
Like north-east winds blow thro’ the whole
Cheerless and piercing, dreary, cold,
As something leafless, waste, or old.

4 Lifeless and loveless to the saints,
Hope seems all gone, my spirit faints ;
Restless, dissatisfied, and low,
What does suspension then undo.

5 Thy Spirit takes this way to prove
My real state in faith and love ;
Lord, if not mixed in creature snares,
'Tis simple want the void declares.

6 'Tis well now not to turn to man,
Nor yet the way of God to scan,
Nor dwell in troubles, nor allow
Self-will, murmur’ring, envy now.

HYMNS.

7 I crave to live from Thee alone,
To serve with incense at Thy throne ;
Christ will bring forth the savour sweet,
But oh, what changes do I meet.

8 Thy spirit breathes a shadowing gale,
Odorant grace now prevail ;
Rich comforts, serving God arise,
Incense ascending through clear skies.

8.7.

60 *We through the spirit wait for the hope of righteousness by faith.*

1 HOPE of righteousness, securing
Through the Spirit, reigning grace ;
Principle of all enduring,
Centre of the heavenly race.

2 See my spirit bruised and broken,
Longs to keep thy clear bright ray,
Streaming with the gracious token,
I shall hold the living way.

3 O thou radiance of the heavenly,
Pressing down in native light ;
Sealing my embrace by mercy,
In the Son of God's delight.

4 Thou'rt my helmet, let me wear Thee,
Warrior by and for my God ;
My great Captain bids me share Thee
With Himself along the road.

5 Keeping this 'twill keep my spirit
From all veils from day to day ;
Thus I shall and do inherit
That which holds me on my way.

HYMNS.

6 Hope of righteousness declaring
 What my God, in Christ, will do ;
Of the mansions now preparing,
 Earnest, and their glory too.

7 To enjoy Thee I must love Thee,
 Hold Thee in the Spirit's stream,
Watch that nothing rise above Thee,
 Or I love Thy clear bright beam.

61 ^{8.7.}
Take the helmet of salvation.—Ephes. vi.17.

1 WHY do I not wear my helmet,
 Crowning brightness, kingdom ha
Ministration of the Spirit,
 With Thine earnest take me up.

2 Righteous Word! O what it cost Thee
 To cast up these inward ways;
Love to spread this glory caused Thee
 To come down in kingdom grace.

3 Kingdom grace in ministration,
 Son of righteousness, Thy rays,
Shine for glorying in my station,
 Glorying in Thy inward ways.

4 Why do I not wear my helmet,
 Crowning object of my mind,
All transcending ? I'm appointed,
 Sav'd the glorious realms to find.

5 Our great God whose glorious nature,
 In Christ's Spirit giveth life:
'Tis this seals the conflict way sure,
 Helmet on amidst the strife.

HYMNS.

6 Shining might! where'er this stand is,
 Such the strength in God secure;
A whole armour His great Hand is,
 To the souls that thus endure.

62 ^{8.7.} *For an helmet, the hope of salvation.—1 Thes. v. 8.*

1 LIVING truth, soundness with unction,
 With great lustre stirs my hope,
God's great love with love's compunction,
 How it lights my helmet up!

2 Warriors only wear the helmet,
 Christ " my Captain " full in view:
Through my Jesus in the Spirit,
 Daily conquests I'd renew.

3 How it shines when I am harnessed,
 Breaking through to inwardness!
But without faith how 'tis tarnished,
 While sense dwells 'midst that which is!

4 All low grounds destroy its brightness,
 Creature-serving buries minds;
But when earth a kingdom plain is,
 How the kingdom glory shines!

63 ^{S.M.} *I'll tell the Lord by prayer.*

1 I 'LL tell the Lord by prayer,
 And thus exhaust my weight;
My wants are His and have His care,
 I'll trust, endure, and wait.

2 I'll tell the Lord by prayer,
 Christ opens this true rest;
He wills, commands, sustains me there;
 I'll tell all, and be blest.

HYMNS.

8 Weaknesses, fears all told,
All spread before His face;
If aught apart from Christ I hold,
I lose His sweet embrace.

4 I'll tell the Lord by prayer,
And keep the open heart;
Discharging doubts, and fear, and care,
"To know Him" is my part.

5 I'll tell Thee, Lord, by prayer,
Nor live my life as mine;
Its scattering tendency lay bare,
And come in one in Thine.

64

S.M.
The same.

1 I 'LL tell the Lord by prayer,
When snared by self, and low;
O then to tell things as they are,
'Tis Christian and his foe.

2 Then what complacency
I feel, Lord, on thy part;
Thy fulness pressing within me,
To fill my open heart.

3 Thus telling Thee by prayer,
'Twill keep my stand in Christ;
To know, to love, to serve, to bear,
And praise Thee in the high'st.

4 My telling heart shall find
Each day and in each thing,
The rest in Christ for the new mind,
Till He salvation bring.

HYMNS.

5 My telling holds the loss
Of self to fully come,
Within, without, to bear His cross,
Till Christ shall take me home.

65

C.M.
The streams of the mystery.

1 MYSTERIOUS Christ, in living streams,
How blessed Thee to know!
To rest beneath Thy unctious beams,
And lose our mortal woe.

2 Dear Christ, in thousand living streams,
How rich Thy Spirit's grace!
How full in Thee these heavenly springs,
How mild the Father's face!

3 Dear Christ, in thousand living streams,
Thy glowing solemn joy
Fills all our souls when inward things,
In these our hearts employ.

4 A stream in me, O precious Christ,
Completely Thou art mine;
Riches of grace from God the high'st,
Sent within me to shine.

5 Unction transforming and Thy praise
Shall all th' interior fill:
We sing th' effulgence of Thy grace,
God's saving glorious will.

6 Ten thousand adoration songs,
Here from each stream do rise,
But myriad songs from myriad tongues
Shall fill millennial skies.

HYMNS.

C.M.

*Faith in God independent of sense. Perverting sense
employed by the Adversary to destroy faith and rest
in God.*

66

1 I BELIEVE God; and sense and sight
 I Shall not my mind control:
 Thy Word in evidence and might,
 Shall keep my poor weak soul.

2 See, O my God, how sense would blast,
 And wither all my state;
 My faith, my God, away would cast,
 And dreadful storms create.

3 Confusion crowds the door of sense,
 To "spoil my resting place;"
 Permitted strangeness there presents,
 T'entice me from the grace.

4 Where Thou hast spoken, I will trust,
 Though sense most clear oppose;
 Thy Word in-spoken in my breast,
 Shall keep my sweet repose.

5 That centre's calm that says "'Tis so,"
 'Midst sight's confounding stir,
 Will grace afford, until I know
 In vision full and clear.

6 Thy Word shall build my confidence,
 With substance all divine;
 I'll dwell in glorious knowledge thence,
 And rest, and praise, and shine.

67

Finding the inward spring.

1 L ORD, 'tis not enough to know
 That I ought to live of Thee,
 But Thine elemental flow
 My delightsome life must be.

HYMNS.

- 2 Drawing from that inward spring,
Deeply lodged in inward ground,
Which the living Word doth bring,
By the thirsty spirit found.
- 3 O, my Saviour, I'm distressed
In all things not held in Thee,
O'er all, in Thee, I must rest,
Thou my blessed spring must be.
- 4 Sitting simply at Thy feet,
Finding in Thy words this spring,
Most my inward longings meet,
Doth most satisfaction bring.
- 5 But "in Jesus" I must prove,
Earth nowhere my heart can stay,
Jesus gives me conquering love,
To my spring will makes its way.
- 6 What of creature is made good
For this life, that good doth spring
Of Thee, where Thou'rt understood,
Comfort real of that thing.
- 7 All in all, of good Thou art,
In th' eternal things to me;
And redeemed to use what is,
Thankful comfort flows by Thee.

68

8.7.4.
Happy dawning.

- 1 O THE kingdom! O the kingdom!
Thy hope lifts my drooping heart,
Telling in my oft affliction,
There I have a blissful part.
Happy dawning;
Come, thou blessed kingdom, home.

HYMNS.

2 Then I shut my eyes on creatures,
Drawn within, I rest in God ;
While His stillness beams some features
Of my vast Divine abode.
 Happy dawning ;
 Come, thou blessed kingdom, home.

3 Kingdom substance ! Christ's own brightness,
What exchange for blackening sin !
Christ our life of spotless whiteness,
Myriads glowing, loving sing.
 Happy dawning ;
 Come, thou blessed kingdom, home.

4 Surely acts of true believing,
Tell on kingdom dawning grace ;
See, too, saints, through death receiving
Immortality's embrace.
 Happy dawning !
 Come, thou blessed kingdom, home.

5 Mark the signs, more loud, more solemn,
That the Lord of All is near ;
Israel's tribes but wait new calling,
Fruitful Fig-tree, O appear.
 Happy dawning ;
 Come, thy blessed kingdom, home.

6 Children of the inward kingdom,
Travail that the Spirit's reign
Do fulfil its dispensation,
Which the remnant shall sustain.
 And this dawning,
 Soon bring forth our kingdom home.

HYMNS.

C.M.

69 *The Christian discerning the state and experience only in the Spirit: I judge not my own self.*

1 LORD, when my centre hides its light,
Whole grievous aspects grow;
False views and fears press on my sight
Help me then not to know.

2 Eternal Spirit, shall I leave
Thee, and Thy evidence,
And to the evil centre cleave,
To understand from thence?

3 Nay, I'll not judge till Thou, dear Lord
In Spirit come again;
But wait till Thou shed light abroad,
And nothing know till then.

4 Thy light has stillness for its place,
The unction's heavenly spring;
'Tis gentle; beaming forth with grace,
A quick'ning shade doth bring.

5 Thy light brings Thine to happy sight,
Savingly shows my want;
T'is saving, pure, impartial light,
To fellowship a fount.

L.M.

70 *Thou art good, and doest good, teach me thy statutes.*
Ps. cxix. 68.

1 FATHER, Thy admin'stration stands,
An opening goodness in my sight;
My heavens, my earth, are in Thy hands,
While I am walking in the light.

HYMNS.

Goodness I'll sing, nor heed my flesh,
That oft would frame a way not Thine,
Meekness finds good in that which is,
And all wants else, Lord, I resign.

Goodness surrounds me, fills my taste,
While faith renounces my own will ;
Caring and fearing being passed,
Dear God, I've Thy sweet goodness still.

“ Cease from thy wants,” Thy teaching saith,
“ Oft Thy distress is war with me ; ”
Then by Thy Word, care yields to faith,
I've all supplies in having Thee.

Father, Thy sonship in its grace,
Bears wondrously on things around,
Most wants are lost in Thine embrace,
The lawful serve on inward ground.

Goodness thy admin'stration guides
Untiring, sovereign, wise and kind ;
Sweetly my spirit here confides,
My good, my glorious God to find.

7 There's a good, thankful, happy place,
Whate'er the admin'stration brings ;
Where still my soul my God can praise,
And rest beneath th' Almighty wings.

71

C.M.
Faithfulness to the Guide, the Spirit.

I MUST not from Thy showing turn,
Spirit of Holiness ;
How canst thou save me if I spurn
Self-knowledge as it is ?

HYMNS.

2 Impatience—carnal ease—both wish
 To pass the trouble o'er,
They'd not regard those things in flesh
 Thou shovest furthermore.

3 But where Thy mercy hath made known
 The perfect way in Christ,
There the old nature shall be shown,
 And living power be prized.

4 The heavenly guiding stream by Thee
 Both light and power doth bring,
But oh ! how often do I see
 Myself as grieving sin.

5 The exercises Thou dost send
 Have special points of pain,
And bearing these, I find their end
 The reigning power doth gain.

6 'Tis guilt obscures the inward ground,
 And power that's in Thy light ;
Confession, and rich blood, through Thee,
 Give both my ground and might.

7 Courage in Christ ! to bear, to see,
 O breathe in my poor soul,
By faith in Christ complete to be,
 Yet oft need making whole.

8 O blessed Guide ! when not with Thee
 Thy light oft seems but pain ;
But honest seeking to be free
 Soon finds Thy righteous reign.

HYMNS.

72 ^{7's.} *He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.*

- 1 ON the vast interior ground,
Where the feeding flock is found,
Christ the pasture, Christ's the door,
In the myst'ry gone before.
- 2 Hear, He says, " by me," " by me ; "
Lord, my Shepherd, saved by Thee,
Folded, I lie down to rest,
Find my pasture on Thy breast.
- 3 O the bosom of my God !
What profound leads me abroad ;
Streams, still streams in love divine
Fill and feed this soul of mine.
- 4 Where the cov'nant substance rose,
There the vivid feeding goes ;
God the Word, those vasts profound,
Now in spirit feeding ground.
- 5 Love's abyss, as pastures spread,
Where all righteous hunger's fed ;
Myriads folded on these hills,
God in glorious substance fills.
- 6 O the fold ! vast, full, and free,
Christ, my Lord, all known in Thee ;
Pastures rich, here life is given
To all saints in earth and heaven.
- 7 How the pasture substance glows,
Glorious food of meek repose ;
Glorious as the Shepherd Lord,
Glorious as the living Word.

HYMNS.

8 Let my Shepherd guide me home,
Let the kingdom pasture come,
What shall my “ high fold ” disclose
When my God ends all my woes !

73

S. M.
Bearing the cross.

- 1 L ORD, I take up this cross
To learn to live to Thee ;
Hence let it bear and work the loss
Of self and sin in me.
- 2 Oft self I do renounce,
And yet the cross remains ;
Still through Thee I change inward ground
By faith, and through these pains.
- 3 Temptation, thou’rt a cross
If I endure thy pain ;
Thou canst but purge my inward dross,
And bring me gracious gain.
- 4 Whate’er I can’t remove,
Yet feel its inward grief,
My Saviour, through His grace and love,
There stands for my relief.
- 5 Within the narrow path
Find we some cross each day ;
But to win Christ, and ‘scape from wrath,
The saints all choose this way.
- 6 The cross stirs up offence
In all who love the flesh,
Christ gives the will and path from thence ;
The world can’t love it less.

HYMNS.

7 But they who know Thee, Lord,
Thy followers bear Thy cross ;
The Word that did Thy might afford
Bears them and fills all loss.

8 O I'll endure through this,
And through the saving pain ;
Stand out of self, in all that is,
And hold immortal gain.

74

C.M.

Christ's spirit the Christian's strength.

1 **S**PIRIT of Christ, Thy flowing grace
My Christian strength ensures ;
For rest of heart in Thine embrace
The life of Christ secures.

2 In Thee Eternal Love responds
With all my Saviour's grace ;
O strong, indissoluble bonds
How rich, full, free Thy ways !

3 Yes, pure, and bright, and free, and rich
Thy ministration streams,
Where the Great Word His members reach
In soul-transforming beams.

4 In thee my Saviour's blood pervades
To keep the tender heart ;
Meets all my guilt, or what invades
My sealed inward part.

5 Thou openest in this inward ground,
And O, my glorious Lord,
Where is the foe that can withstand
My freedom's flowing word ?

HYMNS.

6 I joy to find my spirit here
 In stillness large with Thee ;
Full with those things which Thou dost bear
 In preciousness to me.

7 I love to sing what oneness is,
 Through resting in Thee, Lord,
Large wants, large faith, and oh ! what bliss
 Large fillings do afford.

8 I joy to trust strength only Thine,
 Spirit of Christ in me ;
Here my dear God in Christ does shine,
 Here's my felicity.

75 C.M.
I have declared unto them Thy name, &c.

1 **W**HAT sure revivings from above
 The " I in them " maintains ;
Th' Eternal Name, in rich, pure love
 The sovereign flow sustains.

2 Our Head asks no vain motive's plea
 T' obtain the life from Him ;
But union, need, and " Wait on me,"
 Love will the substance bring.

3 Persuasion in pure love prevents
 All with'ring fear or doubt ;
The name declar'd in Christ presents
 Clearness that casts such out.

4 Pure love holds forth in Christ to me
 A changeless ground of faith ;
Motive for faith there cannot be,
 But by what God here saith.

HYMNS.

5 Dear God, this radiant ground revives
 My drooping faith and hope ;
Inspires me in Thy name to rise,
 Yea, lifts my spirit up.

6 O saints, hold your most holy faith,
 Come in your Father's name ;
See love sustain your inward path
 Immutably the same.

7 Your heavenly birth ! there glory ye,
 Know your own centre, God ;
Through stillness, the declar'd Name see
 The Spirit's might afford.

C.M.

76 *Holding in the fellowship entirely as the ground of pure love manifested of God in Christ Jesus.*

1 LOVE'S vital union holds me in
 To all th' interior grace ;
Omniscience saw my every sin,
 Yet love secured the place.

2 Good works that I love to maintain,
 And sin, I so much hate,
Nor ground nor barrier form t'obtain,
 The experience of my state.

3 God gives the life in His pure love,
 The love that sent His Son,
His Spirit leads my faith to observe
 Love's will that life should come.

4 He draws me on the inward ground,
 Pure love has formed in life ;
Gives stillness where grace shall abound,
 Beyond all motive's strife.

HYMNS.

5 From what should I a motive take,
 But love and precious blood ;
That need do hold th' interior state,
 And seek the gift of God.

3 The more I live through perfect love,
 The more my hate to sin ;—
As from vain motives I remove,
 My strength'nings do begin.

7 The manner of this wond'rous love !
 With tender joy I own—
Love's great procession from above,
 T'enfold an heaven-born son.

8 My heavenly dignity, my God,
 In spirit let me wear ;
In love, in hope, in faith in word,
 While I'm a stranger here.

L. M.

77 *But ye beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost keep yourselves in the love of God.—Jude 20, 21.*

1 BUT ye beloved know the Word,
 The substance of the faith in you ;
Here all your work and glory's stored,
 Yea, all your preservation too.

2 In spirit see the Holy Ghost,
 The great transforming shadow make,
Inward, though oft in creature crossed,
 Of faith most holy ye partake.

3 O great, most holy, precious faith,
 Fit for God's work, substantial, strong,
It builds in living holiness
 The souls that it is sent among.

HYMNS.

- 4 See stand in substance clear from God,
Effectual working each heart's faith ;
Here inward build ye forth abroad,
With words your living centre saith.
- 5 Here in Love's great divine embrace,
Clear inspiration faith directs ;
O build in strong substantial grace,
Love's plan, love's store, through faith erects.
- 6 O'er you, rich mercy ever reigns,
In pardons and delivering power ;
Know your Lord's life the kingdom gains,
Behold your shining day is sure.
- 7 Some from the holy Word will turn,
And to eternal blackness rove ;
Your centre still shall brighter burn,
Build ye, enlarge in God and love.

C.M.

The afflicted and bruised condition, seeking help of God.
78 *I sink in deep waters where there is no standing.*
The afflicted people thou wilt save.

- 1 **W**HAT heavy bruising and distress,
These great consumings make ;
My God, I look, but can't express,
I groan, but cannot speak.
- 2 Huge overwhelming waves of pain,
With certain painful things,
My spirit sinks, and sinks again,
And nothing comfort brings.
- 3 To stand, to look, my spirit tries,
In acts I've oft employed ;
When, too, all breaks in groans and sighs,
My acts seem all destroyed.

HYMNS.

1 Tis true that much here heard and seen
Is not to be received ;
Dark fears make stormy sounds to mean
Things not to be believed.

5 I wildly cry for help, like those
'Midst wreck and yawning deep ;
Then overwhelmed to death compose,
Like sorrow-stricken sleep.

6 My God, in this the debt of woe
The depth of sin demands !
Job, thy great favourite, found it so,
When girt with these death-bands.

7 If native sinful energy,
Or sin, to which 'tis due,
Still, still, I must seek help from Thee,
To bring Thy sufferer through.

8 I know there is a point in pain,
Where God's strong help is found ;
O let my soul that point now gain,
And know some solid ground.

C.M.

For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.—2 Cor. v. 21.

79

1 O THAT my Lord should be made sin,
For me, for wretched me !
His Love, His Power, His Worth supreme,
My solemn joy shall be.

2 Profound of worth, to sink into
Such blasting guilt as mine,
Exhaust eternal wrath quite through,
And make me up divine.

HYMNS.

3 O grasp what anguish'd love endur'd
When flesh joined with the Word,
What holiness o'er sin secured,
Which made us sons of God.

4 Confidence has her bulwarks thus,
Against all doubt and fear ;
For depths eternal drowned our curse
Who now with Christ appear.

5 What can I do to show His worth,
In such vast deeds of love ?
Obedience must best set Him forth,
Must worthy faith best prove.

6 But oh, His worth's mysterious way !
My debt will not discharge ;
For as I love, and serve, and praise,
In gift He doth enlarge.

7 Quite leave my heart, created things
To fill with Jesu's worth :
Until His day of glory brings
Both glorious heaven and earth.

C.M.

80 *And I will receive you, and be a Father unto you
He giveth power to the faint.*

1 L ORD, when I feel cut off from earth,
And bruis'd lean on Thy power,
The help these vital bonds bring forth,
Revivings do secure.

2 No brightness anywhere I see,
Nor warmth of creature hope,
But thanks, eternal thanks to Thee,
Thy power shall take me up.

HYMNS.

If faith can but stay in Thy power,
'Tis real help to faint ;
God shall declare Himself the more,
The great One, in the saint.

“ United hearts ” shall surely know,
Their happy home in Thee ;
So near in vital bonds art Thou
Then let earth's interests flee.

L.M.

1 *Wheresoever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst to bless them.*

GATHER together in the name,
See here your Lord His power proclaim ;
Here heavenly truth shines on her way,
Here seeking hearts find gates of praise.
Go through the gates, “ the Name is near,”
Come confident, with holy fear,
Behold your God doth here make known,
In myst'ry His most gracious throne.
Come in the name, O contrite, see,
Know each, the secret is in thee ;
Confide, and find your Lord declare,
The op'ning where your blessings are.
Let your desires spring strong and free,
His Name tells what ye are to be,
The power inspiring you to plead,
Commands in Christ for all your need.

L.M.

2 *The wonderful love of God, the great work and fulness of Christ can only be savingly shown, and can only be viewed as these things are known in spirit and substance.*

FATHER, Thy wond'rous love is known,
Where Thy provision cometh down,

HYMNS.

Jesus Thy work and fulness too,
In spirit comes, to come to view.

- 2 Where something cometh, there's the bread,
On which the inward hunger's fed ;
Christ, as blest substance, cometh down,
T' incorporate where hunger's known.
- 3 Where Christ comes not, there words are
They only mock the hunger's pain ; [vain,
Lo special grace, the bread of heaven,
To sealed servants, each is given.
- 4 That He may give, the witness stands,
Receives, and gives at Jesu's hands ;
Stands inwardly, to make it known,
In Christ, where substance cometh down.
- 5 O, precious, wondrous coming down,
Of substance on our inward ground ;
These heavens send down their special grace,
Here hunger feeds, and turns to praise.

C. M.

As the Father hath life in Himself, even so hath He given to the Son to have life in Himself, and hath given Him authority to execute judgment also, because

He is the Son of Man. Made us to sit together in the heavenlies in Christ Jesus.

- 1 G REAT Son of Man, Thy judgment power,
A precious ground contains,
Where saints, from their first quick'ning
May find the heavenly plains. [hour,
- 2 See in "this world," where Adam fell,
Come forth the Son of Man ;
And O, His power ineffable !
Th' interior thence began.

HYMNS.

3 His nature wrought all-conquering forth,
'Midst countless forms of death,
Destroyed, and bore all sin and wrath,
Then sent forth living truth.

4 Complete in Him ; now saints rejoice,
Your ground shines through His work,
Your spirits share His glory joys,
For whom the flesh He took.

5 Joy ye, your bright and glorious Lord,
In spirit shows His power,
Profoundly spreads Himself abroad,
In you for evermore.

6 O live and praise ; He executes
The gracious judgment power ;
Nor guilt, nor hell, nor law disputes,
Our heavenlies are secure.

7 Gone from the Adam state and stock,
The Son of Man maintains
The ground and springs his nature took,
The field of all his pains.

8 Sit in your heav'ns, God will make known,
His glorious riches here,
Take heed to be from creature gone,
His treasure is his fear.

L.M.

84 "Go through the gates"—the renewed soul breaking
through impediments to arrive at its home.

1 GO through, go through all outer things,
Spirits renewed must mind their springs,
Must rest alone in Christ, their Lord,
Dear op'ning, their blest home in God.

HYMNS.

- 2 Let us break through, our God will give
The rest and life we love to live ;
Christ's death our great deliverance brings,
We must break through all outer things.
- 3 Hold what He hath begun in you,
Lo, there He dwells for strength'nings too ;
And with His work His arms prevail,
Lest of its increase it should fail.
- 4 Let us but seek, how soon we find,
Our God gives in one changeless mind ;
His Spirit stands t' engage the heart,
In faith to act the conq'ror's part.

85

L.M.
The same.

- 1 Go through, go through all outer things,
Spirits renewed live by their springs ;
God, our own God, in Christ has come,
To be Himself our happy home.
- 2 The seeking heart shall always find
God seeking such with stronger mind ;
Find one most near, and mighty too,
Expressly sent to bear them through.
- 3 O let us not stay from our home,
So near, so firm, so free, so warm ;
And whose provisions to prepare.
Th' Eternal Three wield mighty care.
- 4 Behold, to open up this home,
God from His bosom gave His Son ;
And now delights eternally
Our bright profound, our home to be.

86

The renewed spirit in its pure or purified ground.

1 SING renewed life ineffable,
S Among the saints its clearness tell ;
 See renew'd spirits, and their ground,
 Where Christ transfused in each is found.

2 In each and all behold Him stand,
 Forming one inward living land,
 One ground in God, through cov'nant blood,
 God dwelling now where self has stood.

3 O the strong wonders of this ground,
 Where Adam's lost, where God is found,
 And the dear children every one
 Into their Father's nature come.

4 See quick'ning through th' atonement make,
 A voided, a pure living state,
 A secret, new-created ground,
 A substance where new springs abound.

5 'Tis a new creature, Christ in me,
 Whose ground stands in eternity ;
 Into one body, thus baptised,
 Stands forth the great mysterious Christ.

6 See in meek form, the "I" made new,
 In sweet profound, since truth he knew,
 This "I" shall hold its ground and prove,
 The lengths and breadths of Jesu's love.

7 Shall fill its whole capacity,—
 A mirror of our God shall be,
 Shall know and fill, shall glow and serve,
 In all His fulness and His love.

87 L.M. *The renewed spirit in its opening ground in*

1 O THIS “One Spirit” with the Lord
God ever here shall be adored,
Its substance reign, and flow, and shine
“The all, in all” of life divine.

2 Himself mysterious bodily,
Upon this ground an op’ning see ;
Sing what One Spirit grace performs,
His sons and heirs were sinful worms.

3 All fulness bodily in Christ
Is that to which saints are baptised,
“One Spirit” glory’s radiance warm
All their soul’s substance shall transform

4 O my dear God, when shall it be
My soul shall be engulfed in Thee,
And full of glorious life profound,
Yield fruit through all my inward ground.

5 “Father of Glory,” I do stand
Already here, as in Thy hand,
My spirit on this ground shall live,
Thy truth shall grace and glory give.

6 God shall embrace me through and through
My soul, my mind, my body too ;
Till Love’s preparing work is done,
And I’m brought home a glorious son.

7 My constant glory, Christ shall be,
Who gave His worthy self for me,
And that He might bring me to God,
Drown’d all my sins in precious blood.

1 WORN out from adhering nature,
 Sure at heart its help is vain ;
Drawn in faith in the new creature ;
 Sure revivings such obtain,
For their savour, precious savour,
 To our God is Jesu's Name.

2 Cov'nant secret of obtaining
 Access with an heavenly flame,
Faith, through poverty maintaining,
 Nought but unction shall sustain,
Then the savour, precious savour,
 To our God is Jesu's Name.

3 In communion what a sweetness,
 Is this moistening, gentle flame,
Fervid rising, yet such meekness,
 Strong, hard nature such disclaim,
So the savour, precious savour,
 To our God is Jesu's Name.

4 O dear God, here we are cent'ring,
 How here faith revives again ;
Faith in stillness, sign of ent'ring
 By the Spirit, in the Name,
Where the savour, precious savour,
 Pourèd forth is Jesu's Name.

5 See Jehovah's special favour,
 Seek renounced ones to sustain ;
From His court there sheds His savour,
 So revives and saves the same,
Gracious savour, precious savour,
 Pourèd forth by Jesu's Name.

89

C.M.
The element of life in Christ.

- 1 **D**EAR Christ, what grace in me to dwell
And make Thy fulness mine ;
O grand and mighty principle,
Yea, power of life divine.
- 2 My vivid, mighty element,
Interior soundness brings,
From every ill gives certain help,
And warm o'ershadowing wings.
- 3 'Tis in the Spirit from the Word,
To bring me conq'ror through ;
Behold its triumphs in my Lord,
Lo, here I triumph too.
- 4 Unsoundness, ills, or fears do spread
Their snares at every step ;
But in Christ moving, firm, I tread !
Truth joys her charge to keep.
- 5 Oft I perceive my foes intent,
For me too much by far,
But, glorying in my element,
How sure its triumphs are !
- 6 Its vivid opening shines all else
To littleness or shade ;
Such things of God its fulness tells
In Christ my glory made.
- 7 I've love, and pow'r, and soundness here,
Since made in Christ alive,
And precious freedom from all fear
By what I here derive.

HYMNS.

8 Dear Lord, I'll live no other state,
Through Thy dear life and death,
But mortify, for soundness wait,
My element is health.

90 ^{7s.} *The word out of the mouth of Jesus is "Come."*

1 SINNER, Jesu's voice is "Come,"
Hast thou any other rest ?
Wouldst thou find in Him thy home,
Find thy all on that dear breast ?

2 Sinner, Jesus still says, "Come ;"
If the sound affect thine heart,
Stay no more in guilt alone,
Hear and find thy living part.

3 Does the Word that brings the sound,
Raise thy stretch'd out-hands to Him,
In thee is that hearing found,
Telling what God's grace doth bring ?

4 Are these hands, this hearing found ?
Drawing acts are these of God ;
Surely grace shall here abound,
Thou hast life in Christ the Lord.

5 Mighty "Come," the Saviour's word,
Christ does part the soul from sin,
Shows in pow'r the grace of God,
Opens up Himself within.

6 Hast thou but a heart for Him,
Wearied out from every rest ;
Heavy laden with thy sin ?
Simply "Come"—He'll show thee blest.

HYMNS.

7 Lo He comes and speaks the Word ;
See His hands sin's bondage breaks,
'Midst thy noise let Him be heard,
Strength to " Come " is what He speaks.

8 Leave thy views for His dear speech,
What He says, believe He means,
Soon His peace Thy heart shall reach,
Yea, Christ in the Spirit's beams.

91

11's.
Salvation's voice and its design.

1 SURE Jesus says " Come," and the sound
of His voice
Inspires me with hope in His great cov'nant
choice,
I feel thus He speaketh, " If sinful thou be,"
" And mercy thou seekest, come find it in
Me."

2 There's something persuading my soul that
my thirst
Stands joined with true coming, and " come "
oh I must !
I feel all my comfort in creature remov'd,
My longings in Christ, there to love and be
lov'd.

3 O Jesus, 'tis mercy I seek at Thy hands,
I feel I'm a sinner and bound with death's
bands,
Some-how the Great Surety thou standest
most clear,
For me in Thy mercy, O do thus appear.

HYMNS.

4 I see Thee, Lord Jesus, the end of the law,
For righteousness to all the Father doth draw,
That Thy dear Atonement so sacrificed sin,
God's attributes honour'd that grace now
they bring.

5 Such glorious redemption Thy rich ransom
wrought,
That sin, death, hell, Satan, to ruin were
brought;
That all sin's strong prisons encompass'd
Thee round,
Thou burst them, art risen, now grace can
abound.

6 I joy to confess Thee, and now I see why
On the ground of Thy work I all merit deny;
Thy Spirit reveals Thee, my Fulness, my
Home.
And all the transition in Thy strong word
“Come.”

7 I'll hold to Thy “Come,” until in it I see
The power to bring me completely in Thee;
Till life and salvation in Thee shall be made
My springs, and my freedom, in Thy blessed
shade.

8 Thy “Come” is both spirit and life, as it
saith,
The word of my hearing—the substance of
faith.
Why sure I substantiate that in Thy word,
Which must break forth freedom seal'd
with Thee, my Lord!

92

L.M.
Divine inward ardour.

- 1 HOW ardent is the heav'nly fire
Which shall the self-gone soul inspire ;
The contrite all shall know the Name,
Glowing with rich soul-girding flame.
- 2 I do possess the love of God,
I know the truth, I feel the Word,
And with an inmost soul desire,
Long for true ardour's heav'nly fire.
- 3 I see erect the upright stand,
Leaning on God their Father's hand ;
That Jesus' glory they conspire,
They glow in truth and spirit's fire.
- 4 That ardour's strength is in the Word,
Holding just what of God is heard ;
God's present will, and there His strength,
Might for each conflict's weight and length.
- 5 That ardour's essence is the truth,
Vig'rous as strong immortal youth ;
That true in Christ, my soul content :
His glory seeks whom Christ has sent.
- 6 Spirit of Christ ! oh come, fulfill
Thy pow'r, Thy truth, Thy perfect will ;
Just what, and how, and when the Word
Opens in me the things of God.
- 7 Dear Christ ! in Thee the Father gave
The ardent mind I so much crave,
And, with full joy, I humbly see
Thy Spirit works that mind in me.

HYMNS.

8 Behold, then, Lord, this strong desire,
This principle like pent-up fire ;
That Thou, who lov'd and died for me,
God's ardent truth through me should be.

L.M.

93

The same.

PART II.

1 ARDOUR must dwell with sojourners,
A The glowing breast commits earth's
Its present life its Father holds, [cares ;
Its state in Christ the truth, unfolds.

2 O be increased in me, dear Lord,
In spirit by the mighty word,
Thou saids't, in Thee the Father's love
Through Thee in us, our might should prove.

3 'Tis this that dwells so on my heart,
That I've in Thee such glorious part ;
And if I stand not in the grace,
Thou art not seen, my power, my praise.

4 O be Thine ardour, Lord in me,
Thy cross 'mongst men my glory be ;
In living truths let my mind stand,
Thy Spirit's might my heart command.

5 Ardour t' endure, and not to faint,
Because truth will sustain the saint ;
Ardour, that power divine each day,
Sap whatsoever mar its stay.

6 Ardour to stand, and after all,
To stand, because Christ's foes must fall ;
Ardour to love, for only this,
The object, Christ's true member is.

HYMNS.

7 Let helpless longings, languors, sighs,
Let halting efforts, faithless cries,
Sink through the Spirit—be not heard,
But fill our souls with Thy strong word.

8 This bosom must not fill with earth,
But Christ live here in glowing worth ;
For Christ must beam in pearly price,
Or ardour glows not for the prize.

C.M.

This is the record that God hath given unto us, eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life.

94 1 COME, ye persuaded hearts, through
In God's your Father's name, [Christ,
You shall eternal goodness taste,
Your seeking can't be vain.

2 The door of op'ning where you wait,
Presents no bar to faith ;
Lo faith, hope, love, yea all your state,
Stands in the living path.

3 The op'ning comes ! dear, sweet, fresh flow,
Full joys then spring and rise ;
The heavenly record then we know,
With blest anointed eyes.

4 Afresh persuaded that He gave
Eternal life to you ;
So with His heart in Christ to save,
He gives the witness too.

5 The secret witness tells in you
Your God the record made ;
In His dear Son your state well knew,
And your full help there laid.

HYMNS.

- 6 Now hold eternal life in Him ;
Your quickened hearts are bound
By the firm Record to the spring
Where life eternal's found.
- 7 What is your knocking at His door
But faith still firm there lives ;
Through op'ned bonds in Christ the store,
The sovereign Record gives.
- 8 How sweet the heart-persuasion rest !
The Record's roll in-read,
Ancient, and od'rous from God's breast,
By Christ our Life, our Head.

L.M.

*Christ's wonders are real matters of praise to those
who are in Him. Ideas joined with Christ in praises,
which work only on the mind, lead off from Christ :
because they engage not faith, nor bring opening
substance and power to the heart.*

95

- 1 I SIT beneath Thy mouth, my Lord,
Within Thy presence and Thy shade ;
The sweet expressions of Thy Word,
Are true refreshings and true aid.
- 2 I'll sing Thy praise with jealous awe,
Because veil'd souls loose glorying find,
Praises from Thy dear self withdraw,
Lavish'd o'er Thee in the mere mind.
- 3 Talk they of majesty and might,
Mark through the universe His word,
His fiat brought the world from night,
This is the mouth of our dear Lord.
- 4 But in me, more stupendous still—
Chaotic sin flees at His word ;
Incarnate love creates its will,
Lo, I've a paradise, and God.

HYMNS.

- 5 Talk, men, of ocean's wrathful storms,
As skies and seas roll vengeance down !
See unpurged sinners' deathless forms ;
There hell-gulfs lash th' eternal frown.
- 6 Talk of deep suff'ring—see the Word—
And, O, my soul here looks and lives ;
My Jesus bore the wrath of God ;
Sinners, we know the peace He gives :
- 7 Peace with all attributes in God,
Peace with still burning Sinai's voice,
Peace from sin, hell, and earth ; the word
Speaks in th' interiors of His choice.
- 8 Do I want grandeur for my soul ?
Let " magnifying " but take place ;
Or every power, soul, body full ?
Let Christ, " as He is," show His face.

96

L.M.
Communion of saints.

- 1 ARE we now all in faith and hope,
A All with the Spirit taken up ?
Each gone in spirit to our spring
For what communion there shall bring !
- 2 " There am I," saith the Lord, " to bless,"
Rich streams flow in my inwardness ;
O come from every outer place,
Nor stay till each find rest in grace.
- 3 Come near, my saints, communion bands
Where'er the blessed shadow stands.
O sink not down in outer ground,
Refreshing streams are not there found.

HYMNS.

- 4 Behold my blood: my Spirit bring
Your seeking spirits to your King;
Behold, my arms and drawing too,
E'en seeks your faith to bring you through.
- 5 I will bring lab'ring hearts to rest,
Bring to my streams, where I'm confess'd
My myst'ry's substance shall be found,
Until the seventh angel sound.
- 6 Dear Lord, was ever love like Thine,
To make such sure provisions mine?
My thankful heart melts in Thy praise,
That I should find I have such grace.

L. M.

*The Christian's griefs presenting no earthly hope, are
made to be God's mode of gathering renewed spirits
into the Divine embrace.*

- 1 **W**ELL, I will praise that love divine,
That through my griefs of hopeless
More deeply seeks this love of mine, [smart,
More into God will bring my heart.
- 2 Few know how much they live by sense,
Even of those who have the light,
In creature rest, we seek from thence,
And therefore less in Christ delight.
- 3 Who can delight them in the Lord,
While whole at heart, while fulness stays;
In friendless hearts Christ's love's ador'd,
"The meek He'll guide and teach His ways."
- 4 If mine's a path of judgment now,
A sense of neither home nor friend;
But all is grief, and keen-edg'd woe,
I could say, when shall mis'ry end?

HYMNS.

- 5 The "still voice" says it must be so,
My loving, how unlike His love !
Though God my dwelling-place I know,
How poor in dwelling do I prove.
- 6 Whom Thou dost love Thou dost rebuke,
And chasten all Thou dost receive ;
But bind to Thee must Thy good yoke,
Well, I will praise Thee, and believe.
- 7 Why should I stray with seeming streams,
Do I find ought in outwardness ?
But chastened sonship truly beams,
With more of God and holiness.
- 8 I do adore that love profound,
Which takes such pains for this poor soul,
And be my ardent love not found,
Constrains me till I reach my goal.

98

8.7.4.
Living union.

- 1 L ORD, my living state's in union,
With Thyself, th' Incarnate Word,
O then, grant me rich communion,
Such as "God's deep things" afford,
Living union—God's rich mercy,
O I'd live no life but this.
- 2 All of me, outside of union,
All that works, not of this spring,
By the light of true communion,
I renounce, and to this cling :—
Living union—God's rich mercy,
In me holds I'm dead to sin.

HYMNS.

3 Union with Thy death, shall keep me,
Wash'd, and chaste in mind to Thee ;
Rest in union, Lord, shall seat me,
Where my source, Thyself shall be.
Living union—God's rich mercy,
Let me but in union dwell.

4 Lord, O let me not relinquish
Union's oft conflicted prize,
But alway do Thou distinguish
In me where Christ's opening lies.
Living union—God's rich mercy,
Stay me in Thy blest embrace.

5 Union flows with satisfaction,
Bruise and void us as it may,
Here is Christ, the Word in action,
Bringing on millennial day.
Living union—God's rich mercy,
Holds the One great substance sure.

99

8.7.4.
The same.

PART II.

1 **W**HAT a gift is precious union,
With its ground in God's dear Son !
Our new state stands in communion,
With its springs, rich, free, and strong.
Living union—God's rich mercy,
Holds the fulness flowing streams.

2 Union severs from the masses
Of all nations, every age,
Here in One, the Body passes,
See the mystery each engage.
Living union—God's rich mercy,
Draws the great eternal line.

HYMNS.

8 God designs this vast joint-heirship
Should Christ's work in honour bring,
Deep-hued sinners, from distress deep,
Cleaving here stand saved in Him.
Living union—God's rich mercy,
Works in majesty His will.

4 'Midst affliction and endurance,
To me but this wisdom give ;
From self-grounds to make full clearance,
Firm in union, die and live.
Living union—God's rich mercy,
All my states I'll prove by this.

5 Let me suffer as a Christian,
Only mind th' enduring bond ;
Gone in union, unresisting,
Suffering, seeing what's beyond.
Living union—God's rich mercy,
Makes Christ's sufferers reign with Him.

6 O be all my joys in union,
Christ, and what will serve with Him ;
Let my pilgrim course be soon run,
Perfect oneness joy soon come,
Living union—God's rich mercy,
Perfect oneness—O that day !

L.M.

*Maintaining the honour of Jesus Christ within the
100 vital bonds of union, while walking not after the
flesh but after the Spirit.*

1 AFTER the flesh I do not live,
A And yet, O Lord, how flesh doth strive !
Sin overwhelms me, Lord, I grieve,
That flesh in me is so alive.

HYMNS.

2 O that my mind should turn to that,
Which pains me at my very heart,
Should turn from faith to what I hate,
And fill with clouds my inward part.

3 That I am caught with what defiles,
And yield to tendencies in flesh ;
Unmortified when Satan wiles,
Which loads me with dark guiltiness.

4 But O with precious Christ I'm one,
After the Spirit is my soul ;
For still what Jesus Christ hath done,
Makes me, a ruined sinner, whole.

5 I'll stand in union gone from guilt,
Love, wond'rous love, devised the plan ;
The blood, the Lamb of God has spilt,
Maintains in me the sinless man.

6 Which stands in union, O my God ;
And trusts in Jesus Christ, Thy Son ;
That nature, and that precious blood,
Here tell redemption's work is done.

7 I honour Thee, my Lord, and leave,
All the old loathsome flesh to die ;
After the Spirit I do live,
And my new state will God supply.

8 My sacrifice of praise shall show
Thy glorious perfect work and love,
My source alone of joy art Thou,
And firmness here shall glory prove.

HYMNS.

101

8.7.4.
The midnight cry.

1 **L**O ! Christ's witness, strongly sounding !
Hear, O Church, the midnight cry !
See th' awak'ning souls resounding
With the words—The Bridegroom's nigh.
Who is ready
For our bright Millennium day.

2 Virgins all, “Behold the Bridegroom,”
Souls with lamps held in Christ's name ;
Lo ! He comes,—find ye Christ's kingdom
In you, for His mighty reign.
Thence make ready,
For our bright Millennium day.

3 See re-opening, mighty unction,
How exceeding great to faith,
Thence rent hearts, in deep compunction,
Know ye what Christ's witness saith.
And make ready
For our bright Millennium day.

4 Now the opening, O its value !
Lamps with wisdom's principle ;
Hold in unction, all these shall do,
There preserved, bright, strong shall dwell.
So make ready
For our bright Millennium day.

5 “ Go ye forth,—yea, mighty Saviour,
Heaves the chaste, the struggling state,
Coming up from its long labour,
Preparation to partake,
And made ready,
Enters on Millennium day.

HYMNS.

6 O ! if there's no breach in nature,
 No capacity to find,
And put on this shining vesture,
 Darkness must close on that mind.
 Sovereign op'ning,
Solemn, bright Millennium day.

102

L.M.
He careth for you.

- 1 0 LET us hold the thankful rest,
 Commit our cares, keep Jesu's breast ;
This day, this day we must record
 Still, still we have a faithful God.
- 2 'Midst boding wants, and chilling fears,
 Thy present word Thy trusting cheers,
Sore pressed with wants such sometimes are,
 Yet still reigns round Thy heavenly care.
- 3 Father, we own Thy saving " need,"
 Is a profound, a depth indeed ;
How little do we understand
 What best shall join Thy saving hand.
- 4 Surely Thou'l't save ; but to fulfil
 Thy blessed saving, wondrous will,
What diff'rent modes, peculiar ways,
 In guiding each Thy hand displays.
- 5 How large our all in Christ our Lord,
 All things are ours, but wisely stored,
To serve with Thy transforming hand,
 Under Almighty love's command.
- 6 This is our sojourn state ; our home,
 Our kingdom is a state to come ;
Lord, let us not our case compare
 With theirs who are not travelling there.

HYMNS.

7 When pressures reach their dark exrteme,
To sense, dismay complete shall seem,
Yet faith, heart-wrung, will wait on God,
To patience breaks the Sovereign Word.

8 "God will provide,"—the favour more,
How small from Thy vast boundless store;
Thy bounteous grace now flows anew,
And Christ makes all things bounteous too.

103

L.M.
Great grace.

1 HE hides my sins in blood divine,
He put His righteousness on me,
He makes His glorious nature mine,
His power my living might to be.

2 My Lord ask'd not if I would choose
To stand in union rich and free;
My sinfulness in Him to lose,
And His blest living member be.

3 Sinking, I lay in guilt's distress,
'Midst sin and dread, 'midst wrath and woe,
When Mercy, in an act all grace,
Salvation's mantle round me threw.

4 The Spirit came with vital bonds,
And spread my centre bright and clear,
The "Abba Father" since responds,
So sure, so sweet to holy fear.

5 O blest interior of my Lord,
Where my great lover shows His face,
Where light, life, love are shed abroad,
And where I stand in reigning grace.

HYMNS.

5 Two wonders oft divide my mind,
O'erwhelm with joy my humbled soul,
The one, the grace in Christ I find,
And then, that I partake the whole.

7 He claims through me just this one thing,
To let His wonders speak His praise ;
Be chaste, my soul, His name to sing,
That I, e'en I, stand in such grace.

104

S.M.
The Holy Mountain.

1 THIS "mountain of our God,"
 This holy, blessed place,
The gospel myst'rys vast abode,
 How beauteous in its grace.

2 Its great mysterious bound,
 All quickened spirits holds,
Where they leave man, lo! there is found
 That which with God enfolds.

3 'Tis known in spirit now,
 A most delightful hill,
Whose blessings, like most precious dew,
 All inward spirits fill.

4 O come ascend this hill,
 Pure hearts shall have clean hands,
Your breathings here God will fulfill,
 Here access ever stands.

5 This true inspiring hill,
 Whereto all saints are come,
O here with promised blessings fill,
 Come make its grace our home.

HYMNS.

6 O what a company !
 The radiance, glowing bliss ;
 Lo ! here our glorious God we see,
 Our One Great Inwardness.

7 Here streams of light shine down,
 And fill our "unveiled" gaze,
 Our glorious "Oneness" here is shown,
 With mighty stores of grace.

8 How sweet its breathings are,
 How purifying too !
 There's balmy calmness in the air,
 And health springs forth anew.

105 L.M.
Rejecting the vain risings of the natural mind.

1 WHEN grievous pressure has been great,
 And I so bruised have felt no state,
 No faith nor inward power given,
 I've sighed, and wished I were in heaven.

2 Scanning, and doubting it could be
 Better arranged than this for me ;
 But ah ! I fear that wish to feel,
 Which erring self-will must reveal.

3 O 'tis in great extremity
 Jehovah's arm appears for me,
 'Tis in my greatest depths I prove,
 I'm held by His own power and love.

4 But could my kingdom pow'rs now serve,
 The perfect just ones to observe,
 What boundless confidence they show,
 Self-will is only found below.

HYMNS.

- 5 See how the heavenly state and flame,
Glows with the nature of the Lamb ;
See how intensely happy they,
Our God and Father to obey.
- 6 Through faith and patience they all gain
The promise-beatific reign :
They are redeem'd ones—mark their song ;
And overcomers form that throng.
- 7 Yes, if from trust in Man quite gone—
Heart-grief renouncement has been borne ;
But longest, deepest woes in flesh, .
Will not compare with second death.
- 8 If standing fails, groan “ Lord, help,” still
Into God's faithful saving will ;
Unfelt the helping hand may be,
But be with Him—there He's with thee.

L. M.

Patient endurance holds no resentment. “ Ye have condemned the just, and he doth not resist you.”

106

—James v. 6.

- 1 PRESENTMENT shall not in me lurk,
Let patience have her perfect work ;
Lord, let the nature of the Lamb,
Form my abode in Thy large home.
- 2 To drive from man, what suff'ring thence !
Of unjust man how keen the sense !
But in true patience 'tis forgot,
If I've no part, defence is not.
- 3 Gone into patience, I lose sight,
Of really having human right ;
My suff'rings by oppression's rod,
I touch, but to give them to God.

HYMNS.

4 What tongue can spite without my God ?
What arm can smite but as His rod ?
What storm heart sick'ning ever fall,
But God has saving good in all ?

5 These roots of human hate and wrath,
How craftily they rankle forth !
Resentment's mazy depths passed through,
Will save from man's oppression too.

6 True patience' calmness drowns the fires,
Finds ground from floods where self retires ;
So, looking unto Jesus shows
The way t' escape from all my woes.

7 The "just" are Christ's and not their own,
That Christ is theirs, do they make known ;
And in his "mind" condemned, ah ! killed,
These are not with resentment filled."

8 Lord, in Thy name will I endure,
"Entire and perfect" calm t' ensure ;
Through my deep sinfulness, I see
Salvation is indeed of Thee.

107

C.M.
Christ known heart with heart.

1 O THE deep stream that holds my mind
Within the bond divine,
Here my dear, blessed Guide I find,
Here life and peace are mine.

2 My bondage fear is in the flesh,
The turmoil, dulness, care ;
But in the Spirit brought afresh,
How light, how free, how clear !

HYMNS.

How rich the contacts with Christ's heart,
My blessed Guide secures !
What sweet renewings these impart,
In increase that endures !

O be my faith's full diligence,
On contact oft renewed ;
Be all my acts in light wrought thence,
Be to my Christ subdued.

08

S.M.
Who touched me ?

“ WHO touch'd me ? ” Jesus said,
And in the truth, still says
The virtue from the Sovereign Head
Demands the Sovereign's praise.

“ Who touch'd me ? ” Jesus said ;
O ye who know His grace,
Shall God send cure from our dread plague,
And Jesus not have praise ?

My soul is stirred to sing,
My dear Redeemer's praise ;
His virtue cured my soul of sin,
To live to endless days.

Ah too, e'er since its power
Has staunched my plague of sin,
As I but press, from hour to hour,
What soundness doth it bring ?

Lord, I'll not mind the crowd,
But press to touch Thee still ;
Persisting faith Thou hast endowed,
With having all it will.

HYMNS.

6 In contact are we drawn,
The Fountain is the Word ;
The upright's virtues shall adorn
The virtues from their Lord.

L.M.

*The bruised state longing for power in the spirit
but submitting itself to the guidance of the
Saviour.*

109 1 POWER ! I long for power, O Lord ;
My spirit languishes and faints ;
Still I must yield, and trust Thy Word,
Thou knowest how to lead Thy saints.

2 What heavy bruising do I feel,
How dreadful is the state of flesh,
When Thou its nature dost reveal,
And leave me there to groan afresh.

3 Still, 'twas Thy yoke I gladly took,
When first salvation Thou appear'd ;
Ah ! Lord, with joy I took Thy yoke,
Saved the black gulf that then I feared.

4 To lose my guilt ! have Christ beside ;
What precious living wonders these !
Surely my Saviour must be Guide,
And I with shame from willing cease.

5 Thy arm is strength in every saint,
Thou markest all their state and pain ;
Thou'lt give more grace if they're too faint
Or raise them into power again.

L.M.

The inward reign of our Prince.

110 1 OUR glory in the world is this,
" The Prince of Life " our Saviour is ;
Fall back, ye foes—death, Satan, sin ;
" Christ is in us," " we're saved in Him."

HYMNS.

- 2 O ye, Christ's sojourners on earth,
One with your Lord by your new birth,
Come, let us hold our Prince's right [might.]
" Strengthened with all Christ's spirit's
- 3 Our Prince has formed in us a ground,
Where righteousness and life abound;
His conquest's sure, 'midst earth proclaim,
His mighty op'ning precious name.
- 4 Might in the Spirit, by our King ;
His reign, ye saints, confess and sing,
Joy in our Sovereign, laud His Name,
Sing how secure our Prince's reign.
- 5 Secure to Him, then it shall be,
Ye contrite, trusting ones shall see,
Your every foe, sin, grief, and strife,
Flow down before "the Prince of Life."
- 6 Have faith, be patient, trust His skill,
Majestic moves that great, good will ;
Our foes designs shall all be vain,
We shall with Jesus live and reign.
- 7 He reigns, and builds Love's grand design,
'Tis now our " faith and patience " time,
Soon glory's mansions come to view,
Lo ! then are we bright princes too.

111 L.M.
I am the Vine, ye are the Branches.

- 1 **W**E sing our mighty, " living Vine,"
Our tree eternal, known in time ;
Jehovah holds its great deep root,
The Son, the Spirit, form its fruit.

HYMNS.

- 2 This secret myst'ry flows with power,
To hold in Christ from hour to hour;
" My word in you," He says, and lo!
The branches find they're living too.
- 3 This root, this fatness we partake,
'Tis our great, strong, eternal state;
Whose living sweetness forms a clime
That holds our spirits out of time.
- 4 Stream, myst'ry, stream with beaming grace,
Bring thy rich substance to our taste;
Thy Kingdom wine, fruits old and new,
Cause fruit of saints for God's own view.
- 5 Profoundly inward will we go,
Thy power of fruitfulness to know;
We've scarcely known Thee, mighty Root,
Nor tasted yet Thy sweetest fruit.
- 6 Depth within depth unsearchable,
Exhaustless sweetness shall fulfil;
And beauteous, glorious branches prove,
Luxuriant, rich, eternal love.
- 7 O saints, this Vine shall fill the earth,
Though now unseen as our new birth;
Such is its beauty, such its grace,
It grows t' adorn our Paradise.
- 8 Dear Lord, Thou well Thy myst'ry knew,
Foresaw our wants, our weakness too;
Then here Thy will, wise, kind, I see,
For all you want " Abide in me."

112

L.M.
The Living Vine.

- 1 TRUE, graceful Vine ! th' abiding see,
And taste the goodness of this tree ;
.Inward from time, and carnal sense,
Christ, the true Vine, takes us all hence.
- 2 Behold its boughs in every land,
For it the earth, the nations stand ;
Unseen work on its precious stores,
Its fatness well the fruit secures.
- 3 No blasts, no desolating winds,
In truth can touch its sap, its springs,
The Husbandman, where op'nings are,
Will for fruition such prepare.
- 4 Should veils hold till they fall asleep,
Or doubts their dark possession keep,
In death these all in such must die,
'Midst glorious immortality,
- 5 This growing, spreading Vine shall be
God's great delight eternally ;
Its clusters here oft seen but dull,
But mark its heavenlies—O how full.
- 6 Beyond the clouds, behold the Root !
Fill a vast Vineyard's golden fruit !
There the full-fruited boughs are gone,
While we're few branches in th' storm.
- 7 But O the Root ! and O that day !
On earth, 'midst virtue's happy sway ;
When bending down, the full-aged Vine,
Yields Christ and saints their banquet wine.
- 8 Yea, so is God through all His Vine—
Jehovah's oneness through Christ shine ;
That Kingdom banquet full to brim
“God all in all” then ushers in.

HYMNS.

6.6.6.6.8.8.

113 *The realm of grace. In the days of those kings
shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, &c.*

- 1 A LONG the Gentile time,
The reigns of calm or rage,
Great inward objects shine,
Which Christ and saints engage,
The God of heav'n sets up heav'n's place,
To saints is giv'n the realm of grace.
- 2 There where bright Essence forms,
A most divine abode,
Beyond all sin and storms,
The work and Word of God,
To other people never left,
Of this saints cannot be bereft.
- 3 'Tis where heav'ns confines bright,
Rests cent'ring in our souls,
See, Jesus wields the might,
Who o'er all flesh controls,
The realm of grace brought Him from heav'n,
Now to His praise are all things given.
- 4 "No observation" marks,
This realm, these souls, their King,
Unless 'tis in good works,
As saints go in from sin,
'Tis vital 'midst things visible
And saints it is there live and dwell.
- 5 Though saints may seem giv'n o'er
To foes at heart they loathe,
They've oft an Achov's door
And desert God does clothe,
Their Kingdom pow'r will e'er break thro'
And vict'ry sure shall strength renew.

HYMNS.

Christ-hating and self-love
In gospel grand restraints
Reigns, but God all above
Reigns: caring o'er the saints
They do not mean, who saints oppress,
To drive them to the realms of grace.

When murd'rous pow'rs from hell
O'er saints with tyrant's rod,
How glows the Invisible !
How nigh their mighty God !
Beyond all harm this Kingdom stands
To crown and palm the martyr bands.

Great pow'rs have their employ,
They reign for God's great work,
They smile, or they destroy ;
But God builds Zion up.
God will not leave in any hand,
His precious sons, or their good land.

Lo, see the real use
Of all this world and time—
'Tis saints to introduce
Where inward glories shine—
Where God maintains the realm of grace,
Be turned to obtain heaven's inwardness.

) O triumph in its grace,
It grows and shall consume
Sin and the sinning race,
While all things make it room.
Ah, now, how soon, our dear great King,
Will sin consume, and glory bring.

HYMNS.

8.8.6.

*Ye are they who have continued with me in
temptations. I appoint unto you a kingdom,
as my Father has appointed unto me, that ye
eat and drink at my table.*

1 **L**ORD, I'd live truth, as for that day
When, wrapt in splendour, Thou sh: [sa
“ My Kings and Priests anoint : [sa
In my temptations ye did stand
With me, my chosen, faithful band,
Your thrones now I appoint.”

2 “ With Thee ” I'd pass each tempted hour,
My Principle, my Guide, my Pow'r,
Null self, null creature's scorn ;
“ The things not seen ” I'd clearly hold,
To human wisdom never told,
Nor published till that morn.

3 So surely, calmly follow Thee,
Where those no path of truth can see
For want of inward eyes ;
Who lives the truth in holy fear
Will oft an alien here appear,
But great are Christ's supplies.

4 I'd hold some glimpses of Thy look
With which all nature having shook,
Thou'l turn and call such blest ;
In accents like sweet earnest tell
Where in the Spirit Thou dost dwell,
“ Now shall ye be confest.”

5 'Tis by Thee, Lord, we “ with Thee ” stand,
Thy bruising and Thy strength'ning hand,
Yet Thou art pleased to say—

HYMNS.

“ The heirs of these eternal crowns
Have borne temptation’s” fawns and frowns,
“ My followers, ye are they.”

6 “ I knew you ” dying to self-might,
“ With me ” renouncing creature right
Heart-rung at every pore ;
Now see, ye are “ my kings,” “ my priests,”
“ My judges,” my eternal guests,
“ With me ” for evermore.

7 Lo, see “ my table ” shall supply
Your kingdom’s vast capacity
With glory banquetings
In stores divine ; lo ! now “ I serve
You ” who served me in truth and love,
“ My table for my kings.”

L.M.

115 *A voice from heaven saying, Blessed are the dead
who die in the Lord ; yea, saith the Spirit.*

1 **W**HEN blessed dead in heaven’s embrace
Show us death’s resting, pallid face ;
Ere moistened eyes with tears can run,
Glad pilgrim hope sees labour done.

2 Hark, from the heav’nlies breaks the sound,
The Spirit, too, from inward ground—
“ Blest are the dead who in the Lord
Die, and now rest in their reward.”

3 We rugged pilgrim fare endure,
Though we have union most secure ;
But these inherit that profound
Of glory, where no labour’s found.

4 Oft saving, watching, waiting times,
Make pilgrim paths in heavy climes ;
But these henceforth in light adore,
And not now self, but Christ explore.

HYMNS.

5 Their toilless, active spirits now
In blessed open vision bow ;
The regions they long travelled o'er
Their glorious God fills evermore.

6 O blessed dead ! O mighty Lord !
Such deathless mercies to afford ;
But O the resurrection morn,
What radiant forms then these adorn

116 ^{7's.} *The life manifested in and through His*

1 'TIS a stream that ever flows ;
It is grace that must abound,
Only be there meek repose
Where the vital bond is found.

2 All the remnant here are drawn,
Nowhere else their hearts can stay ;
Sweet enclosure ! where doth dawn
Christ in everlasting day.

3 Mildly glows our element,
How it awes with holy fear !
O my heart, now mind thy bent,
Know thy all of life is here.

4 Stay in firm substantial faith,
Let thy Centre thee command ;
Here with Christ the truth array'th
All the saints with her own hand.

5 Thus through Christ are we baptis'd
In God's bright expression here ;
Image of our God is Christ,
And we here that image wear.

HYMNS.

L.M.

The use and benefit of inward strong affliction. The fear that connects itself therewith brought before the Lord and dissipated.

- 1 **L**ORD, is it so I have not rest
Because I call not on Thy Name ;
Possess an op'ning to Thy breast,
And yet run not into the same.
- 2 O see this fear, that what I feel
Is some heart-wrong revolt from Thee,
Which diligence in Christ would heal
Where languor holds now helplessly.
- 3 Well, agitated flesh will keep
Much sinfulness in gloomy sense,
Yet storms o'erwhelm and bury deep
Much secret noxious influence.
- 4 Thou teachest while the storm must last
No care but this that I endure ;
With hope in substance firmly cast,
Then let the waves the flesh immure.
- 5 There be self's secret blending's gone,
That spoiled my heart of holy fear ;
Thy Spirit scathes them in the storm,
That still my centre may appear.
- 6 Then soon as watching faith can find
My harbour's calm, defensive pow'r,
O there I'll lave my troubled mind,
My God, my rest most sweet, most sure.

118 *C.M.*
God defending and supplying His pilgrims.

- 1 **F**ATHER, Thou restest in Thy love !
Why ask in doubt Thy care ?
And Thine attention from above,
Thine arm for us t' declare.

HYMNS.

- 2 Why not substantiate the grace,
And wait Thy great, good will,
Joy each in our appointed ways ?
Lo, here Thine arm is still.
- 3 Thou hast a well-provided way
For all Thy travellers home ;
Thy Name stands pledged that night and day
All good supplies shall come.
- 4 Lord, 'tis because Thou wilt give good
That some things are not given ;
But best shall this be understood
When saints arrive in heaven.
- 5 From stage to stage Thy care intense
Sustains and well defends ;
Our spirits find their rest from hence,
We trust, and caring ends.
- 6 Thou hast engaged all things we meet,
Thy purpose to perform ;
Father, no wills shall Thine defeat,
Nor do Thy travellers harm.
- 7 Thy well-provided way extends
Through all our pilgrim days,
And well our home shall make amends
For all the rugged ways.

S.M.

119 "*The given understanding.*" *Wise and understanding heart. Given us an understanding to know.*

- 1 L ORD, 'mong Thy precious things
Is "understanding given ; "
Bold soundness, truth itself it brings,
'Tis light shone down from heaven.

HYMNS.

2 Great Father of the Light,
We own Thee in this grace,
By our Immanuel beaming bright
In us from His dear face.

3 Its essence is true light,
In it our spirits live,
Where we derive that firm, calm might,
Which faith and truth do give.

4 To vital acts 'tis given
To walk here as a road ;
But seeing herefrom may be riven,
Left under some false cloud.

5 Dear God, we'll live calm might,
But judging leave till when
Thou shiniest forth—O then 'tis light,
And clear discernment then.

6 O make us wise to mark
When shines this deep, clear light ;
Cease from conclusions in the dark,
Or falsifying sight.

7 Thy gracious, sovereign will
Is true with strength t'endure ;
Though unexplained be our path still,
Till Thou the end secure.

8 The understanding given,
Shall form my only mind ;
Lord, O to wait, and not be driven
From hence my sight to find.

HYMNS.

L.M.

120 *Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.—1 Pet. i. 9.*

1 SALVATION ! substance all divine !

S Receive me in, am I not thine ?
Inward, O inward in Thy path,
I do receive the end of faith.

2 Alone in God, th'afflicted find

That which can stay the sinking mind ;
Behold th' incarnate mystery here,
Makes mighty, living help appear.

3 Woes many now do overwhelm,

Salvation shall these torrents stem,
Shall strengthen on my struggling heart,
Till in itself from griefs I part.

4 See huge o'erwhelmings break my heart,

With more than human pang and smart,
Well, Lord, I'll live just to endure ;
Still, faith salvation must ensure.

5 I'll make immortal gain of grief,

In Christ is found woe's true relief ;
Faith's substance shall take me from pains,
In aught which still my heart detains.

6 The Israel ever thus have found

Substantial rest and solid ground ;
Yes, the new covenant shall embrace
My soul in God's rich glorious grace.

S.M.

121 *The living branches are members one of another.*

1 COME, cultivate the vine,

C This is ordained of God,

Come, let us all round Christ entwine,

And live and speak the word.

HYMNS.

2 Our new state has the vine,
The old we leave to die ;
Our tendrils cling to "gift divine,"
And Christ brings rich supply.

3 Lo, see the effectual stream,
How in the vine it flows ;
Come, flow as branches all of Him,
For thus His glory grows.

4 We who are inward drawn,
This precious grace to prove,
Lo, see the life of which we're born
Knits all in Christ, in love.

5 Behold, this spring divine,
Flows through Christ in the midst ;
Love makes each feel, Christ's heart is mine,
With heavenly seals impressed.

6 Let love embrace the root,
To keep the flowing up ;
The boughs express the precious fruit,
In one blest, living cup.

7 Yield each the spirit's fruit,
All drink the glorious wine ;
Thus glorify the heavenly root,
And grow up in the Vine.

8 Great Lord fulfil Thy grace,
Soon, soon shall we all come
In the one firm, united faith,
Christ perfected our home.

HYMNS.

122

S.M.
Our salvation is of grace.

- 1 SALVATION is of grace,
 S An inward heav'ly stream,
 Unfolding Jesu's glorious face,
 To all who must have him.
- 2 Here Abram's blessing comes,
 Through Jesus Christ, and He
 In spirit, power in us assumes,
 Our living strength to be.
- 3 Come, sinner lost and poor,
 Convicted and distrest,
 Lo, here is sovereign mercy's door,
 Our Jesu's opening breast.
- 4 The heart of God here flows,
 The balm of all your grief ;
 O come, all here our hearts disclose,
 And feel the sure relief.
- 5 Say not, How can I come ?
 But let your ruin prove,
 God's gracious help in you stand firm,
 That saving is Christ's love.
- 6 Faith is obedience still,
 Abandonment to Christ,
 Such rise in grace unspeakable,
 With all desires suffic'd.
- 7 Grace forms the bonds divine,
 Then flows in our new states ;
 Grace prostrates men, makes Christ forth
 Yea, all things new creates. [shine

HYMNS.

L.M.

123 *Eternal life in death :—Or the commitment of a saint to the grave in faith.*

- 1 **F**IRM stands our spirits' life in death,
Christ's risen state—great, bright, and
grand,
Surrounds the soul's immortal breath,
As out of man in death we stand.
- 2 Death ! when thou swallow'st up this flesh,
Thou takest in a principle,
Responsive at our Jesu's breath,
Ordained in us e'en there to dwell.
- 3 Now 'midst thy very shades we sing
This living, mighty principle,
Which all the saints within them bring,
Their triumph o'er Thee to fulfil.
- 4 Faith ! thy strong Lord has vanquished sin,
Death ! harmless is thy sceptre now ;
Eternal life exhausts thy sting,
Terrorless here is thy pale brow.
- 5 Triumphant life in death remains !
And, scorning death, wraps up the soul,
Glad, struggling from its earthly pains,
To live in God, its eager goal.
- 6 Well, Death, let thy domain devour,
Of this dear saint, corruptible :—
Christ's image clothes the soul with power
To serve in light unspeakable.
- 7 The resurrection Life employs
This conquered, willing tomb to keep,
This dust, till He the curse destroy,
And comes to raise it out of sleep.

124 *Christ the express image of God within the
of the Christian. The Divine Word experie*

- 1** EXPRESS image of our God !
E Ever, ever be adored ;
Of the Father's glory, Thou
Art the light, the knowledge too.
- 2** Bright procession of the Son ;
Saints hence all your op'nings come,
Love Him, praise Him, speak His worth
From the ground of your new birth.
- 3** Ye people of His choice,
In your centre glows His voice,
Shines the heirship of the Son,
O the glory there begun.
- 4** Lord, what marvel Thou should'st be,
Dwelling gloriously in me ;
Be in my poor soul made known,
Be Thy wonders in me shown.
- 5** Hold Thy ground, come forth and shine,
Take possession, I am Thine ;
Let Thy heavenly substance trace
All the beamings of Thy face.
- 6** Press, O press Thy image there,
More of Thee about I'd bear,
Spirit, truth, life, holiness,
Love, all through Thy beaming face.
- 7** Some expression's ever found
Of thee, on this happy ground ;
O to stay where Jesus dwells,
And His image wonders tells.

HYMNS.

8 And God's speaking! lo, He's heard
In the glories of this word;
Stillness aid me, heirship grace
Must exceed all outwardness.

C.M.

125 *The Christian's spiritual apprehension resting in the showing of the Comforter.*

1 O THY sweet showing, Comforter!
In Jesu's precious Name;
Thou mak'st the covenant bonds appear,
Immortally the same.

2 Faith in Thy presence find Thy seal,
To all the kingdom grace,
My Father's love in Thee I feel,
My Saviour's sweet embrace.

3 Thou clearly makest to appear,
The mind and will of God,
Thy truth my oft-tried footsteps cheer,
And speeds me on my road.

4 Through Thee th' invisible oft shines,
Things as in God I see;
So sense and flesh, those clouded climes,
Cannot discourage me.

5 O keep my apprehension clear,
With showing in my Lord;
For confidence, blest Comforter,
Through Thee has full reward.

L.M.

126 *Temptation—when there is nothing left but faith.*

1 MY God, there's nothing left but faith!
Still, naked faith has Thy strong Word!
To hear, and know what God now saith,
And then to cling to what is heard.

HYMNS.

2 My foes, with much of sense ally,
And heavy languor, much I find ;
While devils strongly, fiercely try
In evil to wrap up the mind.

3 Thy word commands, and I shall be
Preserved from my strong enemy ;
There's nought Satanic rage can do,
But well canst Thou their force subdue.

4 Clouds of envenomed, desperate dread,
To work into my mind their lie,
Dart at me, by fierce devils sped ;
But God hath spoken, still I cry.

5 They close around—my mind seems gone
In dread conclusions ; though absurd ;
Still, Lord, I do, I must cling on,
Through Thy dear, secret, keeping word.

6 Thy mouth, Thine own, I so revere,
Hath said, “ Thy lot will I maintain ; ”
“ I'll save,” “ no evil shall stay here,”
But victory ever Thou shalt gain.

7 Strange is their power o'er sense ; but I
Must hold, my God once heard is true,
Till 'neath His word those pow'rs all die ;
And sweetest confidence reigns through.

8 Ah ! not a vestige shall remain
Of influ'nces of dread, and hell ;
But this great Word in glory reign ;
What wonders of Him shall I tell.

8.7.4.

127 *"So panteth my soul after Thee, O God." The source of the Christian's spiritual life as found in "oneness" with Christ.*

1 O MY source, my living fountain !
 Gospel wonder, living, near ;
 Let Thy moisture now abounding,
 Suage my drought, my spirit cheer ;
 O revive me in the spirit—
 Fail ! my God, do all things here.

2 O my God, with thirst vehement
 Pants my longing soul for Thee,
 Let the living God's fulfilment
 Of Thy word, my watering be ;
 One great longing draws my spirit
 To the streams, my source in Thee.

3 So the hart, pursued and harassed,
 Finds consuming thirst come on,
 Pants for brook, and quiet forest ;
 But alas, its strength is gone.
 So my God, just so, my spirit—
 Moisture, strength from Thee must come.

4 Join'd to God, in Christ, the oneness
 Holds this source, which shall remain,
 Living through my flood and furnace,
 All my deaths, and inward pain.
 Why cast down then ? O my spirit ;
 I shall praise my God again.

5 Why beneath oppression mourning,
 As within my bones, a sword ;
 Stirred to seek another dawning,
 I'll confess my source my God.
 And this oneness ; in the Spirit,
 Shall diffuse new strength abroad.

HYMNS.

6 Though my spirit's count'nance lower,
 And its firmness all give way,
Let Thy countenance in power
 Be my spirit's strength, I pray ;
Thus, this source " leads to thine altar,"
 " With, O God, exceeding joy."

L.M.

128 *He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out
 of many waters.*

1 LASH'D with a surging mental storm,
 L Sinks my poor o'er strained, sev'ring
 bark,
Destruction moans to death's deep yawn, ·
I drive, but all around is dark.

2 Grief after grief rolls on amain,
Thick o'er my soul whelm grief and gloom ;
My cries to Heav'n seem all in vain,
And there appears no help to come.

3 Thus distant far in death, drove I,
I mused despair, all help clean gone,
When lo ! Jehovah's Word drew nigh,
The Lord, and Sovereign of the storm.

4 Jehovah's mighty Word drew nigh !
The Lord, and Sovereign of the storm,
That was a dawning from on high,
'Twas Christ, in sweetest mercy form.

5 He said, Where is thy faith ? when, too,
My storm and wreck, lo ! straightway ceased ;
Now was found faith, and forth it flew
On Him, who had my soul appeased,

HYMNS.

6 O the rich powers, and virtues stored
In that Divine indwelling Word,
Now in sweet union's calm I'm moored !
Made up anew in Christ my Lord.

7 Sure this is help that none could show
But Christ alone, who liv'd, who died ;
Ah ! none outride despair, and woe,
But through the Lord the crucified.

8 O what a principle is grace,
It lives amidst the heaviest storm,
And there the Word maintains His place.
To keep, and break another morn.

7's.

129 *The Christian finds no source of life in any created object.*

1 OUT of nothing can I live,
 But my inward source, the Word,
Therefore care I will not give,
 But to living from my God.

2 Trial will temptation bring,
 Which must inward "minding" try :—
But to Thee, dear Christ, I'll cling,
 And let earthly interests die.

3 Could I seek all heart can wish,
 Or stay fond in lawful things ;
I should solace still the flesh,
 In which lurks the curse and stings.

4 Come, Thou one 'blest Object, come,
 All Thy nature blessings beams ;
Thou shalt be my soul's dear home,
 My delight, and my dear streams.

HYMNS.

5 I do choose my source, my God,
No exchange of heav'n for earth ;
No revolt until the rod
Shows the child his Father's worth.

6 In Thy fear, I'll seek to serve
Truly, each due interest ;
But if from my source, I swerve,
Then, O God, my heart arrest.

7 Doubtless Thy restraints are griefs,
Saving, and preventing grace,
But, with Thy good sure reliefs,
I shall live before Thy face.

I shall live through Christ within,
"Live because of righteousness ;"
Here His wonders, glories spring,
Here's my fund, and reign of grace.

7's.

130 *The everlasting source of the Christian's new life.*

1 EVER from the Word made flesh
E Is my life, the Spirit giv'n ;
Here, my God, do I confess,
Here's my source, and here's my heav'n.

2 My new source of life, peace, praise,
Lo ! my springs ran foul, through sin,
But, my dear Immanuel's grace
Forms new ground, and a new spring.

3 Richly here flows full reward
To the lab'ring spirit's faith ;
O here let me know my God,
Know His hidden-wisdom's path.

HYMNS.

4 I renounce, then, fruitless faith,
Fruitless thoughts, heart thieves be gone;
Let my root my life express,
Let the heav'ly calm bear on.

5 Through my spirit, lo! it gleams,
Present God, and present grace;
Gentle, moist'ning, quick'ning streams:
True upholding, blissful rays.

6 Lord, Thy vivid nature holds
Freedom's living, clothing light,
Sweet transforming which unfolds
Christ in me, my life and might.

7 Let me meekly yield to Thee,
In this op'ning all my soul:
Such a source must have in me
Constant, undisturb'd control.

8 Thus our souls are set on high;
Creature influence clouds not there;
Let the Source our all supply;
Then our rest admits no care.

S.M.

131 *Praise to the Word in the hidden wonders opening through incarnation.*

1 COME, see our Lord in flesh,
In majesty divine,
We sing His praise, who can do less,
That feels this Lord is mine.

2 At once in taking flesh,
Exhausting flesh of sin,
There, see a body purely fresh,
A human "Holy thing."

HYMNS.

- 3 Sing, sing we're all of one,
Ye saints make good your claim,
God by th' incarnate myst'ry come,
O sound His glorious Name.
- 4 Let all heart music come,
Let lauding spirits show ;
The founding of our heav'nly home,
And our new nature's too.
- 5 See then all sin's oppress
The Word divine in Him,
But lo ! He walks in human flesh,
And never yields to sin.
- 6 O here is righteousness,
And here the honor'd law ;
And here's our living holiness,
Whence our fresh springs we draw.
- 7 See, on He breaks through wrath
Into the love of God,
The glorious conqueror, God sets forth,
To shed the grace abroad.
- 8 O mark His Spirit's grace,
Thro' all the inward ground,
Rich harmony reigns through that place,
And thus, O let it sound.

L.M.

132 *Keep yourselves in the love of God.*

- 1 **K**EEP in the love by holding life ;
The life makes vig'rous our desire,
By fellowship the saints derive
The kind'ling up of heav'nly fire.

HYMNS.

- 2 How thus the flame glows meekly forth,
The substance sealed, the centre sure,
Beloved, we're not form'd for wrath,
But, to the kingdom to endure.
- 3 Keep in the love, nor let it fail
Of living fire, through union bonds ;
Let but true fellowship prevail,
Each heart with Christ then corresponds.
- 4 Keep in the love, desire into
The substance glorious of the Word,
God's love, and will, bring forth in you
Strong love to glorify your Lord.
- 5 Keep in the love ; though greatly pressed,
With strong impediments, and sin ;
God, oft thus strengthens cov'nant rest,
So faith most holy conquests win.
- 6 Keep in the love, 'twill sanctify
The little earthly all you want,
God, does the godly satisfy ;
And gives them outwardly content.
- 7 O the dear ground that holds us in
To this sweet rest, and substance too ;
We will its secret wonders sing,
Alone its openings we'll pursue.
- 8 Here mercy kind, eternal too,
Withdraws the clouds of time and sense ;
Spread Love's grand prospects to our view,
For all love's pains, rich recompense.

HYMNS.

L.M.

The inwrought flower on the stem of the divine incarnation—Christ inwardly manifest in the Spirit.

133

1 THIS inwrought flow'r, this wond'rous bloom,
Which mortal eyes ne'er looked upon ;
Christ is its root, its verdure too,
Christian, this plant is "Christ in you."

2 A bud, on incarnation's stem,
The soul's new spirit, "I in them ;"
The plant is spirit, life, and grace,
And blooms our myst'ry paradise.

3 From Christ's bright ground, 'midst refuse
He spreads its form ; as heaven began, [man
Its hues, inimitably bright,
Sun-lit, flow out with glory light.

4 We'll watch Thy op'ning gracious bloom,
Grow vig'rous in Thy free perfume,
We'll drink Thy sweetness, eat it too,
O precious myst'ry, "I in you."

5 We'll cultivate this tender flow'r,
We'll rest amidst its charming pow'r ;
Its dewy glories fill our eyes,
Its fragrance into off'rings rise.

6 Ye genial show'rs and dews divine,
Vouchsafed within, e'en now in time,
Sweet Light, our inward glory sent,
To you we turn for nourishment.

7 Ye blights, doubts, elements, and care,
Cold winds : man's energies, tho' fair,
God hous'd His flow'r from you by grace ;
Faith beams thro' you ; its pure, warm place.

HYMNS.

8 We'll seek more blossom from the Root,
We'll prove true bloom includes good fruit,
We'll dwell on sure eternal strength,
Till God transplants his flow'r at length.

134

8.7.
In the Spirit.

1 "In the Spirit," I fulfil not
 Nor the doing, nor the sin,
Of what lusting flesh may work out,
 For my walking is "in Him."

2 "In the Spirit," what a pathway
 'Neath the shadow of the Word;
O ye lustings, this dear myst'ry,
 Holds me living in my Lord.

3 "In the Spirit," I'm fulfilling
 My rich ministration's grace,
No, ye lustings, I'm not willing,
 To forsake this dear bought place.

4 Quicken'd to more earnest foll'wing,
 How the "law of sin" resists;
But the saint th' interior hall'wing,
 In completeness still persists.

5 Though harsh legal accusation
 O'er the flesh press hard demands,
Still our inward ministration,
 More abounds with new commands.

6 "In the Spirit"—how true meekness
 Stands in grace, yet mourns o'er sin;
Durst not leave the inward sweetness,
 Must be saved alone in Him.

HYMNS.

7 "Under grace"—blest living sweetness,
Grace triumphant still we cry,
Grace in fruit is kingdom meetness,
Thus the "law of sin" shall die.

8 Purest mercy—"In the Spirit!"
Both the stream and unveil'd sight;
Born the grace in Christ t'inherit,
Then to join the saints in light.

C.M.

Declension of soul discovered, and tenderness consequent upon the internal shining again of the light of life.

1 **G**REAT is my grief, my state so low,
I feel no faith in God;
There's much in me that's wrong I know,
No marvel here's His rod.

2 'Tis vain to hide self from my sight,
'Midst mere deceits of flesh,
Whilst all unwilling comes to light
Much unsubduedness.

3 I have not entertained that sight,
Nor durst the truth receive,
For nourish'd flesh then rose in might:
I'm right, I'd fain believe.

4 But, O Thou Truth, divinely sent,
Thou Spirit, inward, near,
'Tis outwardness my heart has bent
From Thee, hence bondage fear.

5 Still knew I not my heart was gone,
Though there was ease, I know,
How stealthily did it come on,
But now, where shall I go?

HYMNS.

135*

C.M.
The same.

PART II.

1 **M**Y righteous Lord, who didst embrace
This sinner within Thee,
In now me bring, my darkness chase,
Show what Thou art to me.

2 Though I perceive no tow'ring sin,
Yet self imbruised has stood ;
Pressed, have I not to be within,
And feel the precious blood.

3 Ah, now I see that day by day
This whole deceit of sin
Spread, as I went from faith astray,
And held not life within.

4 My foe, who clouds of self has made
To hide my state in Thee ;
Now shows my guilt, and I'm afraid
Alone in guilt to be.

5 The precious fountain of Thy blood
Thy Spirit still makes known,
O wash me through Him in that flood,
And Thy poor lost one own.

6 Softly Great Lord with Thee I'd walk,
O daily bring me in ;
The light of life can ne'er be brought
To comfort me in sin.

L.M.

136 *The Prince of Life in the midst of the Church.*
The loss of Him how great !

1 **T**HE Prince of Life ! behold in flesh !
Trav'ling throughout our sin and death !
What wond'rous things thence deeply tell
In heav'n, on earth, and too in hell.

HYMNS.

2 Hark ! heav'ly sounds from earth break
From sons of God, once sons of wrath ; [forth
Thou Prince of Life come, come to be
“ The Christ ” and our sweet Jubilee.

3 Ten thousand times ten thousand sing,
O the sweet wonder Christ should bring
To this and that and far off me,
The princely life so rich, so free.

4 He took our nature ! God in man
Then glorious righteousness began ;
Standing and struggling forth to be
Th' interior where his own should flee.

5 He interposed atoning blood,
He cleansed our nature, a vile flood !
Taking our flesh He op'ned there
The source whence all our blessings are.

6 His holy life, his righteous ways,
Us, us to God our God doth raise ;
He speaks, we on His name believe,
And of His fulness all receive.

7 O having Him, we've God, we've heav'n,
All good in Him, and with Him given,
While princely life doth He afford
To bring up all these sons of God.

8 O love th' Incarnate Word whose breath
Doth hold us inward out of death ;
Come, bless and praise our Prince and tell
He lives, He saved our souls from hell.

HYMNS.

9 Light of Eternity, break, shine !
Who questions then is Christ divine ;
By all intelligence ador'd,
But O the King is our dear Lord.

10 Sinner, be warn'd, the great escape
Stands shut in thy distrust and hate,
Of Christ, Life's Prince, whose holiness
Strikes woes in yon tormenting place.

11 I've lost Him is the pang so deep
At death which breaks the sinner's sleep,
As direful spirits crush him down
Beneath th' offended Maker's frown.

12 The Son of Man, the Prince, the Great,
Raises their bodies as their state ;
The second death ! ah, then all see
What horrid forms His haters be.

13 Come, Mighty Potentate, and take
Thy holy, heav'nly, reigning state ;
Thy crowning grace O come make known,
Thy saints with Thee, O Prince, enthrone.

C.M.

137

We shall be saved by His life.

1 THE ministration ! how divine ;
How vital is the stream :
Th' interior, what a peaceful clime ;
What precious rest in Him.

2 The outwardness oft roughly rolls
Its desolating waves :
Come then within ye weary souls,
See 'tis His life that saves.

HYMNS.

- 3 There's condemnation less or more
Till saved by grace alone ;
Come, stay within, by Christ the door,
There saving life is known.
- 4 The chief impediment within,
That clogs and clouds our faith ;
Is self astir, whose death-work din
Can't hear what Jesus saith.
- 5 The hearing heart abandons all,
Stands out of all the strife,
Drawn by the sweet interior call,
Salvation in the life.
- 6 If, when averse to our dear Lord,
Willing our way to hell,
He reconciled us through the Word,
Shall life not flow as well.
- 7 The life is Christ Himself within,
A myst'ry most sublime ;
To comfort, strengthen, save from sin,
All, all in life divine.

138

L.M.

- 1 "IN Him that's true," interior place
Of quick'ning, everlasting streams;
I seek the rich, profound embrace,
To feel those emanating beams.
- 2 Yes, the dear Son of God is come,
Behold my soul the truth display!
My spirit holds its inward home,
Now evermore I'm of the day.

HYMNS.

8 "Is come!" "Is come!" how vast the grace,
Divine the mercy, pure the love ;
Himself to open ; spread His praise,
And raise me to His throne above.

4 "Is come!" my God, in truth and love,
Profoundly quiets all my soul :
In Him, and by the heav'nly Dove,
One element pervades the whole.

5 Incarnate Truth ! and "we in Him,"
With sweet clear understanding giv'n ;
Interior wonders here begin,
Opening eternal life, and heav'n.

6 O yes, eternal life here flows,
Because my soul stands sav'd in Him ;
My heart unveil'd His glory knows,
Most precious, bright and sovereign.

7 Here shall I live, and lose the hold
Of all that does not serve in Him,
Himself, the truth, He will unfold,
While bliss, and blessing thence shall spring.

139

C.M.

The Ministry of the Spirit.

1 **B**LEST solemn Trust, the gift that brings
The gospel word to faith,
Which thro' the Spirit, tells the things
Whence comes what Jesus saith.

2 The myst'ry is its standing place,
Its object is the Son ;
His substance doth the mind embrace,
His Spirit rules the tongue.

HYMNS.

3 Church-ward how sober, simple, free,
It seeks Christ to make known ;
God-ward, it trusts the stream to be,
Clear flowing from the throne.

4 It seeks in stillness great to hold,
The precious holy place ;
It knows that God has will'd to fold
The church in His embrace.

5 Rich ministration ! love divine !
Thou sovereign element :
Declare Thy wonders, work and shine,
To God's redeem'd ones sent.

6 Flow on, transform thro' every soul ;
Wash us in every part ;
We're seal'd to live, and 'tis our goal,
Alone from Jesu's heart.

C.M.

140 *Christ's ministry in its precious grace and power.*

1 CHRIST'S ministration ! O what grace
Its secret openings bring,
By it, in Christ we find our place,
Our hearts revive and sing.

2 Its speech is plainness—Truth divine,
For consciences made known ;
Man's graceful words, howe'er they shine,
As grace, Christ will not own.

3 It stands in God ; a might divine
The living stream impels :
It is ordain'd to work and shine,
And conquer all our ills.

HYMNS.

- 4 How great the weights that oft surround
 The true, th' anointed Guide,
But the Great Word cannot be bound,
 Whate'er distress abide.
- 5 'Tis solemn, if the word be weak,
 Through sin allowed to stay ;
Better rebuke, and frown, but speak
 And pierce His gracious way.
- 6 "Let us stand steadfast in the Lord,"
 The medium thus shall live :
The hearing holds the speaking word,
 Which doth the Spirit give.

141 C.M.
Confession to the life as it stands in the living Lord.

- 1 I CANNOT rise in spirit, Lord,
 But I confess to Thee,
Without th' experience of thy Word,
 How faint, how dull I be.
- 2 I would not raise my spirit, Lord,
 By efforts of my own ;
But trust my interest in Thy Word,
 In power from Thy dear throne.
- 3 Vain efforts, oh ! how oft they raise
 A profane element,
Which mars the waiting on Thy grace,
 And fouls the stream when sent.
- 4 My Lord of life—my only trust,
 I wait Thy quick'ning breath ;
Thy Spirit come, be free I must,
 I'm raised e'en though in death.

HYMNS.

5 Here God's own admin's'tration stands,
Streaming in Christ, my Lord,
And, the one Spirit joints and bands,
Thus quick'ning shall afford.

142 L.M.
Such trust have we through Christ to God-ward.
2 Cor. iii. 4.

- 1 **T**HROUGH Christ ! God-ward true trust
will go,
Where the bright deep profound do flow ;
Of life from God unsearchable,
All cov'nant service to fulfil.
- 2 Through Christ in stillness sweet made
known,
By " trust " here strongly made our own ;
Which lab'ring presses to be found,
Here with her Source, her living ground.
- 3 See the One Faith, in might here stand,
With open, free, expecting hand ;
She's inward thus drawn forth abroad,
To know, and largely claims God-ward.
- 4 Through Christ ! O ye of faith beware,
Faith staid in stillness meets his care ;
Here to inspire, empower, sustain,
God's " All-sufficiency " doth reign.
- 5 The ministration shall proceed,
To reign in glory through " the seed ; "
His members shall be held thro' Him,
God-ward, till He the kingdom bring.

HYMNS.

143

L.M.
The same.

1 **A**ND am I in this unity,
Responsible through Christ to be,
Holding the head, that every one,
Into the reigning life shall come !

2 O in the Church, through Christ may I
Enduring, keep the unity ;
Dwell only on what Jesus saith,
Intently seek united faith.

3 So in the world, through Christ I'll wait,
Through death with Him, I'll keep my state,
An overcomer of its strife ; [life.]
And stand "through Christ" in reigning

144

C.M.

The liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.

1 **T**O hold my freedom as in Christ,
His spirit comes within ;
His banner in His name I hoist,
'Gainst guilt, death, hell, and sin.

2 I credit, when he says, I yearn'd
O'er thee, Thy saving Lord ;
I have not learn'd, or have unlearn'd,
To doubt His quick'ning Word.

3 In peace profound, I find His breath
A gentle heav'nly seal ;
I mark my clear escape from death,
The heav'nly day I feel.

4 He breathes away my every fear,
His rest profound doth reign ;
No condemnation enters here,
The law's tormenting pain.

HYMNS.

5 But love and power, and life in Him,
 My blessed saving Lord ;
My spirit, tender, rests, within,
 I love His every word.

145

C.M.
The same.

1 NOW to preserve my liberty,
 I yield me to my Guide ;
Through sprinkled blood to keep me free,
 And tender by His side.

2 Thou wilt maintain the unctious streams ;
 My liberty's in Thee,
The things of Christ by Thy clear beams,
 Stand forth, and hold me free.

3 Thy tender work, this is my grief,
 Is oft menaced, I know :
Hardness of heart, and unbelief,
 Are near to serve the foe.

4 O oft the inward parts renew,
 I do confide in Thee ;
To hold me living, walking too,
 In Christ my liberty.

146

He led him about, he instructed him.—Deut. xxxii. 10

1 LO, God's instruction of His seed,
 In inward trying ways,
Is truth substantial, found in need,
 Their souls from earth to raise.

2 'Tis precious substance, truth divine ;
 " Truth, as in Jesus known ;
Something of God with inward shine,
 Amidst a desert shown.

HYMNS.

- 3 Behold the “ promis’d seed ” beset
With an oppressive host—
The soul is taught on God to wait,
Alone in God to boast.
- 4 Thus led about, it is to tell
There’s something in the way ;
That which is first and natural,
Shan’t make their state its prey
- 5 The inward man now taught t’ endure,
And bear the trying will,
Yet hold the great deliv’rance sure,
Is found a conq’ror still.

147

C.M.
The same.

- 1 THE way hedg’d up, the will in strength,
Is shown t’ have been at work ;
Tuition wastes the will at length,
Wherever it doth lurk.
- 2 If in obedience such are found,
God’s guiding hand they prove ;
They firmly tread Immanuel’s ground,
They know they’re tried in love.
- 3 Then back to fight, as it appears,
Some old foe to the state,
In strength again, how oft ’tis years,
E’er we do truly wait.
- 4 To stand, in all things firmly stand,
With truth engirded mind ;
We must leave all the sliding sand,
The inward ground must find.

HYMNS.

5 The earthly state, in seekings there,
Inwardness doth reclaim ;
Truth spreads t'wards earth a blest despair,
Join'd with its inward reign.

6 "Ceasing from man," comes following on
Truth's strongly-teaching hand :
The "seed of promise" thus are gone
To live in their own land.

C.M.

148 *He found him in a desert land and in the waste wilderness.—Deut. xxxii. 10.*

1 **H**E found me in a desert land !
Waste howling wilderness ;
And till that action of His hand,
I would that land possess.

2 But, O, His great, His tender love,
His gentle pow'rful hands :
He wrought with substance from above
Indissoluble bands.

3 He found me, and, I found my soul
In great distress through sin ;
A leprosy throughout the whole,
No hope, no help, unclean.

4 I tried religion in my will,
But, oh, no peace was there :
"The howling waste," with voiding chill,
Settled my soul's despair.

5 My blessed Jesus op'ning now
Himself—I felt His blood ;
The blessed Spirit show'd me too,
'Twas grace, where now I stood.

HYMNS.

6 The unction's inward principle
Declar'd the Christ my Lord ;
The flesh without is "desert" still,
But inwards stands the Word.

7 Well, faith says let that feeling still
Of outward "waste" surround ;
By Christ the inner man thus will
Be in the Spirit found.

149

C.M.
Repentance unto life.

- 1 REPENTANCE ! rends the anguish'd
R Beneath the cov'nant rod, [heart
Sin ! sin is felt the dreadful smart—
Sin ! and the Holy God.
- 2 The quick, sharp, piercing Word at work,
Gives awful sense of sin ;
Showing where death and darkness lurk,
Brooding o'er guilt within.
- 3 Repentance overwhelms in guilt,
Melts the stout self-will down ;
Ah, too, Christ's blood that sin once spilt,
Tells God on sin must frown.
- 4 But, though the smitten soul doth writhe
Beneath the law's stern frown,
Distress declares the soul alive,
From self-support sunk down.
- 5 See, how 'tis swept from creature rest,
Nothing seems left but sin ;
By light, and seeing most distress'd,
Till Jesus takes it in.

HYMNS.

6 The fire of hell constrains the cry,
 Ye saints, "What must I do?
Eternal things are strangely nigh,
 And I must turn to you."

7 Come, say the saints—the gospel sounds
 Believe, and thou shalt live;
Repenting soul, God's grace abounds,
 Through Christ He'll pardon give.

8 Repentance will work on its grief
 To "righteousness and life;"
Faith in "the Christ" is its relief,
 The end of all its strife.

9 The word declares the sinner made
 "Righteous of God in Him;"
He, precious Christ, his debts has paid
 "For him, has been made sin."

10 Yea, "righteousness" we're made in Him,
 A state divine has come;
He that deep drown'd the sinner's sin
 Is Christ the Holy One.

150

C.M.
Christ the living bread.

1 L ORD, now Thy substance most refin'd,
 Who art the bread of heaven;
Our hunger comes "in Thee" to find,
 Of God, our Father giv'n.

2 Immortal natures feed on Thee,
 Thou substance most profound,
Great sustentation giv'n to be
 By incarnation found.

HYMNS.

3 The feeding stillness knows the “ Giv’n,
Living,” and sent of God ;
Incorporates life, strength, yea heav’n,
Spirits’ mysterious food.

4 Thou Word adorable ’tis Thee,
Life’s bread, which God doth give ;
We feed, and know, “ Who eateth me,
By me shall ever live.”

5 The living Father’s boundless grace
In Thee, is “ bread indeed ; ”
We find our substance, hold our place,
In cov’nant bonds and feed.

6 Strong sustentation for Thy saints,
“ Spirit and life,” we prove ;
Who eateth this no longer faints,
But lives to serve, and love.

L.M.

The knowledge of the Lord, or what it is for the inner man to be renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him.

1 **W**HAT soul can see the things of God,
Or understand His Spirit’s reign,
Until renew’d and wash’d by blood,
And so in Christ is born again ?

2 Must not saints hold their heav’ly birth,
Of water and the Spirit formed,
Stand in renouncement, as of earth,
To be from day to day transformed ?

3 God’s kingdom, and its inward things
Admits alone a soul subdued,
The blind to see, the unction brings,
Where there’s a pow’r to know renew’d.

HYMNS.

- 4 If saints stay short with Why ? and How ?
E'er they pass from their earthly ground ;
That reason's blind they're sure to know ;
They think to see where God confounds.
- 5 Thy knowledge, Lord, is pow'r to live,
When open faced, we hold Thy sight,
Clear glorious rays we do derive,
And serve Thee sweetly in that light.

152

L.M.
The same.

- 1 **H**ERE, steadfast holding by this glass !
The glorious Lord shines through the
We apprehend th' old image pass, [soul ;
Clear freedom shining thro' the whole.
- 2 Thy image in our spirits glows,
We know as Christ is, so we are,
Holiness in its substance flows,
In glist'ning streams both pure and fair.
- 3 We live by Thee in those bright rays,
We hold the living, all ador'd,
To " know the Lord " is mighty grace,
Who truly knows Thee lives the Lord.
- 4 We hold with all our inward sight,
As through our souls the substance goes ;
Hold o'er each spot, our Jesu's right,
Till there His radiant glory flows.
- 5 Great Lord, we'll hold the pow'r of sin,
Temptation, earth, and hell all down,
Through Thee in majesty within,
And when those rise, retake Thy crown.

153

L.M.
Divine interposition.

- 1 TEMPTATION'S flood burst on my soul !
I felt the grasp itself of hell,
Hell gaped assur'd ; whose fierce control
Amazed me, more than words can tell.
- 2 Oh God ! I cried, now, I do fear
These terrors huge ; dost Thou not heed ;
Help, help ! for be Thy help not here,
Then on to desperate death I speed.
- 3 Yet could I not at once believe ;
Cold thrilled the pang, to death I go :
My heart tried hard the tide to leave,
And something now from God to know.
- 4 Oh, shall the gates of hell succeed,
To hold me till therein I'm drawn ;
Save, Sovereign Lord, their awful greed ;
I humbly own, if left, I'm gone.
- 5 But " God will save ; " my spirit cried
In anguish, groaning after God ;
Then gently 'midst the swelling tide,
My fortress calm, He spread abroad.
- 6 Faith, and assuring quietness,
Embraced my soul in " God my rock ; "
His Spirit freed me from distress,
His vast defence my storms all took.
- 7 Again I sing of sovereign love,
Of sovereign grace, of sovereign pow'r ;
Yes, God, my God, comes from above,
And saves me in the trying hour.

C.M.

154 *Light, life, and love, opening out of the mouth
of Jehovah.*

- 1 **W**E'LL sing Jehovah's heart of love,
We'll hold its inward course ;
His mighty, living, fulness prove
To be our quick'ning source.
- 2 See, in th' eternal bosom stand
The purpose of His grace ;
Thence rise Jehovah's heart and hand,
The members to embrace.
- 3 Great admin'stration, life and light,
Engage our confidence ;
Still hold the living Christ in sight,
And all our quick'ning thence.
- 4 See, how it brings our hearts to rest
In union intimate ;
While oneness vast, in God's own breast,
Spreads our new living state.
- 5 Come, mighty element, enlarge
Our hearts, and faith in Thee ;
Our spirits from all bonds discharge,
Make us both strong and free.
- 6 Come, for experience all we owe
To Thy rich living grace ;
And here our inmost spirits bow
Before Jehovah's face.

8.7.4.

155 *O that the salvation of Israel were come out o
Zion. Out of Zion shall come forth the deliverer*

- 1 **O** THAT Israel's great salvation,
Stood forth out of Zion now !
Lord of Thine own inward nation,

HYMNS.

To Thee all their foes shall bow ;
Great Deliverer
Zion's witnesses endow.

2 Let but Zion's doctrine prosper,
In mid-heav'n the strong One be,
With "the everlasting gospel" !
Israel then her strength shall see.
Great Deliverer,
Zion's witness waits for Thee.

3 In the Spirit ! see, O see, them
Waking to the Bridegroom state,
"Lo, He cometh," they must be then
Meet for that dear blest estate.
Great Deliverer,
All the wakeful on Thee wait.

4 See they come, they "come to Zion,"
Captive, weak, and blind before,
Church of Christ on earth O sigh on,
Zion's founded for the poor.
Thy Deliverer,
His strong working shall secure.

5 See the abject and forsaken :
Heart closed, lost to Christ's own ways ;
Inward from all distance taken :
These Immanuel's standard raise.
Great Deliverer,
Show Thy majesty of grace.

6 See them in the unction standing,
Each delivered into strength,
All in one Jehovah banding,
Raised to Zion's heights at length.
Great Deliverer,
Great Thy might, great Zion's strength.

156

C.M.
Help from God alone.

- 1 I LOOK to Thee alone, O God ;
I Who tryest long Thy saints,
I'll cling to Thee beneath Thy rod
Tho' all my spirit faints.
- 2 Though sense feels not that God will hear,
Though silent death brood round ;
Yet I must hold, Thou wilt appear,
Thou wilt be faithful found.
- 3 Let arms of flesh in ruin lie,
Their hope and help dry up ;
Yet in my God must still rely
My soul's immortal hope.
- 4 Hope cannot, will not die from God,
While here direct my eye ;
Long may rest down the scourging rod,
But all the while He's nigh.
- 5 My God I'll refuge in Thy will ;
Thy goodness, wisdom, pow'r
Must still be out with happiest skill,
My welfare to secure.
- 6 My Jesus, patience will secure,
To keep my spirit calm,
I yield me, Thy whole will t'endure,
For what can do me harm.
- 7 Distress shall work Thy great good will,
Or pains Thy kind design ;
To prove Thee my supporter still,
And Thy salvation mine.

HYMNS.

157

8.7.4.
Zion groaning.

1 **L**ORD of all the dispensation
 Lord in unction o'er Thy saints
How we long for Thy salvation,
 How Thy widow'd mourner faints,
 God is faithful,
 To Him lift our hearts' complaints.

2 How oppress'd these heirs of freedom,
 Though awake, how weak and low,
Now let cov'nant wonder be done,
 Let these groaning captives go.
 Thou art faithful,
 Oft has Zion prov'd Thee so.

3 Roused to earnest, patient seeking
 With heart purpose Christ alone,
See, O Lord, Thy Zion's weeping,
 Fixed her eye and deep her groan.
 God is faithful,
 His heart hears the feeblest moan.

4 Shall the brooding bondage spirit
 Sink Thy mourner's heart from Thee;
If thou scourge, Lord, we will bear it,
 Only our deliv'rer be.
 Thou art faithful,
 Nor afflictest willingly.

5 Help is in Thee to deliver,
 Groaning Zion from her woes,
Lord " How long " shall groaning ever,
 But more stir our cruel foes.
 God is faithful,
 Who their plans and time well knowa.

HYMNS.

6 Lord, O rend the' heav'ns asunder,
 And our help, Thyself come down,
Thine own wings bring Zion under,
 And Thy stores of grace make known.
 Thou art faithful,
 Zion's foes in depths shall drown.

158 C.M. *The virtue of Christ is for all His mystical body.*

- 1 WE stand redeemed from hell by Thee,
 Dear precious dying Lord,
Thy virtue shall our glory be,
 O be thereby adored.
- 2 O let all saints Thy virtue feel,
 With hearts turn'd all to Thee ;
Then shall its streams go forth and heal,
 Yea, hold their spirits free.
- 3 Destroy the veils victorious Word,
 Discharge the mental gloom,
And in the " Spirit of the Lord,"
 Let all Thy body come.
- 4 See the bright myst'ry comes to sight,
 In force divine at length,
Then precious Christ, Thy spirit's might,
 Is Thy dear body's strength.
- 5 " Help us, O God," Thy name make known,
 Thy name in Christ show forth,
Nor leave Thy Zion's state trod down,
 By blasphemy and wrath.
- 6 Now in the unity be giv'n
 To Jesus mighty praise,
For He must reign o'er earth and heav'n
 To happy endless days.

159

L.M. *

The God of Israel supplies the nether-spring.

- 1 **D**EAR God, the nether-spring seems dry,
O now, as Israel's God appear,
Hast Thou not with Thee rich supply ?
Behold the poor and needy here.
- 2 How dear the taste of Israel's streams,
These children of the fountain know ;
Through forms and words of outward means
They for the living Spirit go.
- 3 Ah, words may speak in meetest form,
Engage the ear, and mind, yet die ;
Though art "this ministry" adorn,
Adornment cannot bring supply.
- 4 Lo ! see the taste that seeks the spring,
The nether-spring to bubble up,
Rejects allurements all which bring
Whate'er Christ's speech and place usurp.
- 5 Come, strong desire, unite, and tell,
The gushing spring from God is heard !
Out flows our vital principle,
By His dear living, quick'ning word.
- 6 Behold our quick'ning principle
Through Christ break forth into a spring ;
Now, here the Israel vessels fill,
Now thirst into the contact bring.
- 7 O ye of Israel's fountain come,
Drink of your inward source, and tell
What Israel's fountain's streams have done,
Sing to the moist'ning springing well.

HYMNS.

8 It found our spirits weak and dry,
Mock'd by their many enemies,
It turn'd all our aridity,
We now in strength and vigour rise.

L.M.

*The man whose hope the Lord is. He shall be as
a tree pastured by the waters, and that spreadeth
out her roots by the river.—Jer. xvii.*

1 COME, see the man whose inward roots
Rest seeking in the Spirit's stream;
That moisture bears immortal fruits,
His leaf shall still be living green.

2 Sure is the spirit, sure the stream,
If confidence, and calm, but stay;
Christ's precious, living bonds in him,
Can ne'er impov'rish, ne'er decay.

3 While all are seeking each their own,
O let my rest and seeking prove
How blest the hope from God alone,
God all-absorbing to my love.

4 Verdure to fresh experience comes,
In lively, earnest confidence,
Vig'rous the precious streaming runs,
His roots seek all his good from thence.

5 What health divine breathes thro' that frame,
How sweet and fresh its holy tone,
So meek, yet apt with love to flame,
His roots to constant moisture grown.

6 Enclosed in spirit with his God,
His speech "is Christ," 'tis savoury,
In goodness is He known abroad,
He's firm but gentle, grave, yet free.

HYMNS.

7 Enclosed in Spirit with his God,
His God alone is his defence ;
His happy spirit holy aw'd,
Enjoys his great inheritance.

8 Though means all fail him from without,
His daily cross oft press him sore,
His inward roots find streams in drought,
Yea, find his God yet more and more.

161 **L.M.**
Let patience have her perfect work.—James. i. 4.

1 **PATIENCE**, O be thy work entire,
Let me to things unseen retire,
Smite on, O tribulation rod,
I'll reach more inward to my God.

2 Patience God's admin'stration finds,
Though quite unseen to fruitless minds ;
Dear God, Thy special care extends
To all things here for cov'nant ends.

3 Thy saving hand doth she disclose,
Adjusting things my will t'oppose,
My planning pow'rs and energy,
To cross and bruise until they die.

4 Patience maintains that God is good,
Submits the flesh to be subdued ;
Then takes my soul resign'd and calm
Upon her Heav'nly Father's arm.

5 She takes me where the faith discerns,
E'en while as yet the furnace burns,
The heart that all my sorrows shares,
Th' Almighty hand which round me bears.

HYMNS

6 Patience spreads her calm shade around
My soul, upon Immanuel's ground—
While Jesus fills his suff'ring up,
And gives me forth substantial hope.

7 Ah, when my path is dark and drear,
Her calm submission saves my fear—
Shows love's divine necessity,
" Perfects that which concerneth me."

8 Patience, O be my constant friend,
From my own spirit me defend,
Preserve my heart firm, tender, clear,
And thus my daily dying cheer.

162

L.M.
The calm of patience.

1 YES, there's a calm the Christian's mi
Y May e'en in tribulation find,
" The God of Patience " has a ground
Where sweet interior rest is found.

2 The saints all died to self while here,
Through suff'ring often most severe ;
So, we through faith and patience rise
T' inherit too the promises.

3 Patience is suff'ring willingness,
The saint takes up Christ's cross as his ;
Finds inward death rich saving gain,
Eyes kingdom joy and scorns the sham.

4 Patience through tribulation frees
The soul of native energies,
She voids the whole interior ground,
That in experience God be found.

HYMNS.

- 5 See full assurance hope breaks forth,
And beams along the patience path ;
Cheer up, then, saints, and onward press
Like those who now the crown possess.
- 6 Your well-assured substantial hope,
Through all your ills shall bear you up ;
While Jesu's death shall ever yield
From self a sure unfailing shield.
- 7 Patience alone can find the path
That saves from sin, from self, from wrath ,
The uncross'd will and way one's own ,
Will surely in perdition drown.
- 8 Patience makes evident and plain ,
We cannot trust the Lord in vain ;
God is the guide where saints endure
In patience calm , " the end " is sure.

8.8.6.

163 *The inward city of God. The holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High.*

- 1 THIS wond'rous Christ of God in me ,
In spirit, mighty life I see ,
Which is God's city now .
Where Zion sweetly comes to view
A kingdom 'midst all things made new ,
And Christ with sovereign brow .
- 2 His kingdom grace now reigns within
Enlighten'd, quicken'd souls to bring
To its blest golden street ;
O ! how communion brings the saints
Loosen'd and gone from time's restraints .
With Christ within to meet .

HYMNS.

3 Its gates of precious gold and pearls
Have open'd midst the mazy whirls,
 Of many a fire and flood,
The " God of Glory " here is known,
Our hearts and souls become His throne,
 Through Christ made pure and good.

4 Yes, reigning grace from God shines round
Like a blest city's bulwark'd ground,
 With glory in its midst ;
And in that mystic golden street,
Our spirits gladd'ning streamings meet
 Where trees of life subsist.

5 God wills to show this great strong place,
For citizens in reigning grace,
 Strength—refuge from all fear ;
To show God's inward reign is ours,
To lead forth priestly inward pow'rs,
 His holy place stands near.

6 To 'stablish citizens in God,
To spread their city's stores abroad
 He grants these banqueting ;
To cheer our sojourn constancy,
He makes us in the " earnest " see,
 His real unseen things.

7 To celebrate a marriage feast,
And every child of light a guest ;
 All met in glorious grace,
To mark its mighty bulwarks well,
Learn in its palaces to dwell,
 The King here shows His face.

8 Thus we associate with that state,
We soon shall with all heav'n's partake,
 And feast with Christ and them ;

HYMNS.

Thus learn that glorious principle,
Soon, soon, Mount Zion visible,
Our New Jerusalem.

L.M.

*Care and fear renounced, seeing they are not helpful
—the happy inward service maintained through
its own elements.*

1 **L**O! cares help not, nor fears avert
The good or evil best for me ;
Ye grov'lings then, which minds pervert,
Begone and leave my service free.

2 My inward service to my God,
To live and do His blessed will ;
Be all my pow'rs in this employ'd—
The outward things my God rules still.

3 The gloomy elements of time
Would press my happy soul to earth,
Would by vicissitude confine
This dear, free life of heav'nly birth.

4 But, lo ! my element shall wing
My spirit's way and keep my ground,
Above all earth my soul shall bring :
I must be with my Jesus found.

5 The issue of events, I leave
To Thy disposal, O my God ;
Let me to Christ and duty cleave,
To Christ my portion and reward.

6 Yet be my neighbour's right menac'd,
To God in Truth and equity,
O how I groan that while I rest,
He'll maintain principle through me.

HYMNS.

7 Can saints e'er need to act a wrong ?
Their rest ne'er need be broke by this,
God's way from suff'ring howe'er long,
Is straight and truthful if 'tis His.

8 O ! I'll renounce all self and sin—
That saving, large employment here !
Blessing my God who holds me in
A liberty so sweet and clear.

165 *S.M. Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord.*

1 A SOUL that Jesus knows,
Guilt will not such affright,
He'll hold his Lord, in sin's deep woes,
And fairly face the light.

2 And none themselves will know,
But those who know the Lord ;
For who will see their guilty woe,
Where light is still abhorred.

3 Ye hearts who Jesus leave,
Warp'd by idolatry,
Know, idols do the mind deceive,
Your state you'll cease to see.

4 But truly turned at heart,
To this dear glorious Lord,
How soon we find our glorious part
In Him break forth abroad.

5 A sanctuary bright,
" The Lord that Spirit is,"
A centre, beaming, living might
In us, all who are His.

HYMNS.

6 We turn to our bright Lord
With open-hearted gaze,
While glory in the oneness stor'd,
Transforms us with its rays.

7 "The Spirit of the Lord"
Beams through the inner man,
Now vig'rous brightness flows abroad,
And glory is begun.

8 O inwardness Divine,
Come wrap me up in Thee,
In my Lord's substance Thou art mine,
I'll with Him, like Him be.

L.M.

166 *As then he that was after the flesh persecuted him that was after the Spirit, even so is it now.*

1 LORD, we adore Thee, as the Head
O'er all things to Thy church, Thy
saints;
O still Thy vital ~~variance~~^{crosses} spread,
Through pow'r divine that never faints.

2 Long may the variance of the seed
Which hates the precious strugg'ling life,
In guileful forms Thy church impede,
But Christ is with us in the strife.

3 Well we'll endure, we'll love maintain,
In holy strength we'll walk erect,
Our Head will still His church sustain,
And all foes do shall serve th' elect.

4 Their bitter, inwrought carnal hate
Shall only give our faith employ,
That more of Jesus we partake,
More of our glorious Head enjoy.

HYMNS.

5 We'll tread down all it brings to sight
Of sin, both energies and roots ;
He will give strength as well as light,
Then precious is affliction's fruits.

6 " I will put enmity," He said
To Satan, " 'tween thy seed and hers ;"
But under our dear living Head,
No cov'nant failure e'er occurs.

7 He over-rules th' infernal plans
Which patience finds work kind designs,
If there is failure, it is man's,
And Christ in us more lives and shines.

8 Well, let all things together work,
Through our dear Saviour's life and reign
Nothing shall long oppress or hurt,
But conquests, kingdoms we shall gain.

C.M.

*Having received of the Father the promise of
Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this which
now see and hear.*

1 BEHOLD the dispensation grace,
In its great fountain head,
Ye seeking hearts of man's whole race,
Hence is the Spirit shed.

God hath His Son our Jesus raised,
By His right hand of might,
And there the dispensation placed,
In Spirit as His right.

3 Therefore blest saints is shed forth this,
Which ye now see and hear,
And hence the church is known as His,
Where'er these signs appear.

HYMNS.

4 And this He'll shed the Spirit down,
And thus saints rise in Him ;
While living signs through man still frown,
His sheddings forth shall bring.

168

C.M.
The same.

1 GREAT blest diffusion from above,
G Throughout the body shed,
God's administration dost Thou prove,
To glorify the head.

2 Here stand the signs of power to save
To quicken and renew,
Triumph o'er sin, the world, the grave,
To head, and members too.

3 Yes, and these signs of pow'r divine
Shall still dwell with the saints,
Till Jesus, on heav'n's clouds shall shine,
And end all our complaints.

4 O pour Thy spirit forth, great Lord,
Complete Thy glory here,
Come, that all saints with blest concord,
Thy glorious house may rear.

169

6.6.6.6.8.8.

The grand investiture of the Church of Christ.

1 THE marriage of the lamb,
T Our grant investiture,
Now through th' eternal Name
Saints your white robes ensure,
In lustrous white, and substance bright,
Your bridegroom see, and with Him be.

HYMNS.

2 Lo, in clear jasper blaze
The bridal city comes,
Here bursting on our gaze,
Vast, like ten thousand suns.
The sons of God, now in his light ;—
A moment awed :—then changed and b

3 Through grace : their principle,
For God in arms they've stood,
Through deeps, dark, fierce as hell,
But near in flesh and blood.
Now open breaks that inward grace,
Glory and God's most glorious face.

4 Hark ! Alleluias shout,
The Lord God reigns in pow'r :—
Saints spread your glories out :—
Joy, gladness, crown that hour.
Investiture ineffable,
Christ's—saints' delight O who can tel

5 Grand, mighty, they partake
Their resurrection morn,
Illustrious city's state
With glorious bodies on ;
While in her midst dear Zion's King,
Thou all Thy Royal state dost bring.

6 Come, holy city, come,
Great God stoop down, and tell,
What is our " Prepared Home,"
Th' array unspeakable.
The Bride's—The Bridegroom's glories
We long—we hasten so t' adorn.

HYMNS.

170 S.M.
To dwell in God, to escape from man.

- 1 O TAKE me out of man,
 O bring me home in God,
 Teach me to stand where faith began,
 And life springs forth abroad.
- 2 O take me out of man,
 O bring me home in God,
 All things work out my Father's plan,
 Love's smilings or love's rod.
- 3 Where there's no fear nor haste,
 But strength must ever come,
 Where Christ shed forth, shows darkness
 And me with God at home. [past,
- 4 O be my great "I am."
 Yet I Thy free child still,
 My spirit keep quite out of man,
 Man pleasing or man's will.
- 5 Man soften'd—strong, or weak,
 Men serve themselves in these ;
 Christ great in me, O this I seek,
 For this my God shall please.
- 6 Man servile, man at ease :
 Let neither hold my heart ;
 But Thee, O God, to serve and please
 In Christ be my good part.
- 7 O land me by Thy care,
 On Thy eternal breast ;
 The wicked cease from troub'ling there,
 And there Thy weary rest.

HYMNS.

171

C.M.
Communion of Saints.

- 1 THE fill'd heart of the saints retires,
 T Its sweetness forth to pour ;
 So honey'd industry desires
 Its nourishment to store.
- 2 They wing their way, the saint to find,
 The open ear and heart,
 Communion's unity of mind,
 In Christ each having part.
- 3 Christ's laden hearts, solemn with weigh
 But warm in faith and love,
 Upon communion pow'r such wait,
 They mount, we'll mount above.
- 4 The open hearts cause open hearts,
 As Christ comes forth thereby ;
 Thus to the waiting, Christ imparts
 The grace which bringeth nigh.
- 5 Gathered to Thee, dear shadowing Lord,
 O, then, large blessings come,
 Communion's faith and warmth afford
 Saints their peculiar home.
- 6 They freely give, and so receive,
 In kindly confidence ;
 Direct on Christ they each believe,
 And oneness find from thence.
- 7 Oneness together with their head,
 Communion forms, and fills ;
 While oft in prospect there forth-spread
 The everlasting hills.

HYMNS.

8 Great in Himself, amidst, within,
The glorious Christ comes near;
They meekly lose themselves in Him,
And "one new man" appear.

L.M.

172 *It may be the Lord will look on my affliction.*
2 Sam. xvi. 12.

1 O IT may be the Lord will look,
On all my trouble and my pain,
Because they who His yoke forsook,
Now do on me "let loose the rein."

2 They own'd th' afflicted of the Lord,
They own'd His gracious pitying care,
But now through carnal hate afford,
To seek to crush me to despair.

3 Yes, now their uncaused enmity
Forbears not to design my hurt;
Mischief and spite my God doth see,
He will the injury avert.

4 Lord, when my sins o'erwhelm'd me quite
And bound me for eternal death, [flight,
How great Thy grace: from heav'n Thy
Thy Spirit's saving, quick'ning breath.

5 O it may be God will appear
This day, because of wrong and spite,
(My spirit bows to God to bear),
And good for cursing now requite.

6 I leave self-right humb'ling to thee,
While vaunting sin rears up its head,
For great God's overcomers be,
When down themselves in death they tread.

HYMNS.

7 When man adds grief, God will add grace,
The calm fix'd heart holds e'en thro' tears,
Yea will uplift th' oppressed face
Till God in majesty appears.

8 The souls with lies and mischief filled,
Perish in their iniquity ;
But God's own word shall be fulfilled,
Well with the righteous it shall be.

173 *L.M.* *Substantiating the presence of the Comforter.*

1 THIS world ! O what a dreary waste,
The flesh ! O how it makes us groan !
Lord be Thy pow'r around us placed,
For there, O there we find our home.

2 Thy presence, blest, dear Comforter,
Substantiate O yes will I :
With me for ever while I'm here,
My Lord, the Christ to glorify.

3 O here's Thy unction—showing grace,
Thy inward drawing living pow'r,
Thus in Thy Temple near Thy face,
Through all things keep me hour by hour.

4 There in th' Eternal Name how rich,
How sweetly quick'ning shonest Thou,
The myst'ry giving forth in each,
Who are subdued in Jesus now.

5 O let my occupation rest,
Through Thee in Spirit full of Christ,
Through Thee I'll lean on Jesus' breast,
And find my largest wants sufficed.

174

L.M.
Giving thanks to His Name.

- 1 O COULD we sing that saving Name,
Great as its inward conq'ring fame,
What glorious singing should that be,
How full of Immortality.
- 2 Jesus ! we would Thy honours raise,
High as Thy reign in heav'nly praise,
We would Thy works and wonders tell,
Wide as Thy pow'r in earth and hell.
- 3 From hosts of fierce and cruel foes,
Determined Thy poor Church t' oppose,
Thy Name appearing oft as freed
Thy happy, Thine own chosen seed.
- 4 Midst heavy climes like leaden skies,
Those dreary times which patience tries,
Thy Name immortal hope has cheered,
And darkest, heaviest clouds has cleared.
- 5 We'll sing Thy name in its vast power,
Might of Thy glorious rising hour;
O thus what wonders shall we see, [free.
While tongues and hearts grow large and
- 6 Dear mighty Lord we'll sing Thy reign,
The great vast fruit of all Thy pain,
Yea, and Thy Name in Spirit near,
O thus, our God, our All, is here.
- 7 Thy Name shall bring Thy chosen through,
Thy Name shall its own wonders do,
In us Thine own memorial,
Thy Name, Thyselv shall show and tell.

HYMNS.

175

L.M.
Inward streams.

- 1 O SING the precious inward stream,
 Flowing on high: gushing to thirst,
 Midst faith's fresh toil, its soft clear beam
 Leads where our spirits drank it first.
- 2 Behold in God the Fountain stands,
 The streams divine spread all around,
 Lo, here we live through joints and bands,
 And here our living Head surround.
- 3 Sweetly the Guide tends inward ground,
 Conjoining spirits with their streams ;
 While in His pow'r the streams abound,
 Radiant with sweet reviving beams.
- 4 Here, weary famished spirits come,
 And on their element repose ;
 And ah ! how soon their song's begun,
 Relieved from sins, and all their woes.
- 5 Sing to the stream, ye Israel flock,
 While settling down by waters deep,
 Th' interior Word's the streaming Rock,
 So spiritual and strong to keep.
- 6 "Sing ye unto it," satiate
 Your every longing as it flows,
 The gathered sheep shall thus partake,
 And by their mighty Rock repose.

176

8.7.
"It is I."

- 1 "I T is I," O toiling spirit,
 Rowing hard thy strength nigh gone,
 Raise thine eye, the storm—don't fear it,
 I create, I rule thy storm.

HYMNS.

2 Dark it may be, but, O fear not,
Stormy winds fulfil my word,
There are no wild blasts that bear not,
Just that impress, I've preferred.

3 Far too deep for comprehension,
Are my works amidst the storm,
But 'tis I, let apprehension
Take her direct simple form.

4 "It is I," soul, cease thy heaving,
Stay on my strong present word;
Now the tossing waters leaving,
Harbour where by faith I'm heard.

5 "What a word" down on the waters,
Lo! the waves hear, "It is I;"
O affliction's sons and daughters,
Look for Jesus coming nigh.

6 O adore the Word incarnate,
Who the afflicted people saves,
And to bring them to His quiet,
Pours His unction on their waves.

L.M.

177 *He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass.*

1 "HE shall come down" in living shew'rs,
O come, see where's that favour'd
ground,
Which by the Word's essential pow'rs,
With inward verdure shall abound.

2 Behold His people with their King,
In spirit poor His judg'd ones live,
They cry, He doth deliv'rance bring,
Saving, redeeming praise they give.

HYMNS.

- 3 In peace in righteousness of God,
Through His salvation, lo, they stand,
Christ in them thus speaks forth abroad,
As a mysterious inward land.
- 4 From all man's glory are they gone,
As grass cut off from its small flow'r,
They rise beneath a heav'nly dawn,
And Christ's most vivifying power.
- 5 Where Christ comes down as living rain,
Well may the righteous flourish there;
Here, here is watering, not in vain,
Live here, who'd verdure to Him bear.
- 6 "He shall come down," this land's His ov
'Tis turned to Him in fervent trust,
God gives His Son, thus to be known,
And all His foes shall lick the dust.
- 7 "He shall come down," O God, still give
Thy cov'nant judgment, and Thy King
Prayed for and gloried in shall live, [bri
While God's great mountains peace sh

C.M.

178 *Craving to be right in heart with God under chastening and affliction.*

- 1 I CRAVE beneath Thy chast'ning rod
I To know I please Thee still;
O do assure my heart, my God,
I'm in Thy perfect will.
- 2 I cannot ask, remove Thy hand,
Nor that my Sun shine forth,
I know, if flesh for judgment stand,
It must perceive Thy wrath.

HYMNS.

3 Self-serving, Lord, wills its own course,
Ah ! many sink down there ;
And flesh, and sense, comes much in force,
Just where Christ's yoke should bear.

4 But Lord can I but will in Thee ?
Do I consent to sin ?
Yet, lest my heart deceived be,
My case to Thee I bring.

5 Are all the principles I hold
Held by me honestly !
Would scrutiny in these unfold,
Self often served, not Thee ?

6 O, are there springs of mental life,
Whose state I don't perceive ?
Conviction quench'd in conflict's strife,
Left such to self-deceive ?

7 Ah me, but I am full of sin,
Wrong, and unrighteous feel ;
Saviour, O show Thyself within :
Me right in Thee reveal.

8 And if affliction still I feel,
From wrong, I'll come to Thee ;
Thy ground in my new will reveal,
And there, O station me.

C.M.

179 *Tribulation in the creature—calm in God—
“But in me peace.”*

1 THIS deep affliction's swelling sea ;
Where I'm the trembling bark ;
Where wretchedness hangs heavily,
Heart-scathing in the dark.

HYMNS.

2 O, is there help for such a soul ?
Yes, if there's Christian grace :
The storm which rages thro' the whole,
Leaves one secure calm place.

3 Run into Christ ! as He within
Declares—" But in me peace."
Thy calm in God shall there begin,
Soon as from self thou cease.

4 Outside this haven, there may surge
Dark waves of deep distress ;
But who from God cannot emerge,
His calm shall still possess.

C.M.

180 *Meek submission and hearty confidence is
midst of trouble.*

1 O SAVE me how Thou wilt, good Lor
Since I am wholly Thine ;
Let me but shelter in some word
Where grief cannot repine.

2 Though heaviness of soul abound,
Like crushing sadd'ning waves,
While in the gloom drear scenes close ro
Where dark foreboding raves ;

3 Yet, O my God, my faithful God,
Change dost not, canst not, Thou ;
My heart shall own the needful rod,
My spirit meekly bow.

4 O keep my heart, let saving strength
Yet bear me through Thy will,
Till Thou again return at length,
And my desires fulfil.

HYMNS.

L.M.

181 *Abba Father, all things are possible unto Thee.*
Matt. xiv. 36.

- 1 WHEN there's no way nor human means,
When shame inevitable seems,
O then shall faith stand forth and tell
Her Father's great "All possible."
- 2 There's no necessity with God
But that His Word be all-adored,
So shall the "Abba Father" state
Its triumph o'er all sense create.
- 3 'Twas God's "All-possible" could find
A victim whereto sin to bind ;
He down into our depths could bring,
One that could make an end of sin.
- 4 God's inward wonders far exceed
The fresh display that we can need,
And with the Word made flesh in view,
Adore, and learn what God can do.
- 5 The wilderness affords no way,
Till, open'd up of God each day,
Bread, water, clothing, and defence,
He there makes our inheritance.
- 6 The floods divide, make way, make walls,
Stout Jericho's obstruction falls ;
Jehovah's host want a highway,
And floods and walls His word obey.
- 7 Adore the self-existing God,
Honour Jehovah's spoken word,
O, honour God's "All-possible,"
And say, not mine, but Thy good will.

HYMNS.

8 The Abba Father blest estate,
My trust, my calm, my joy shall make ;
Let faith be free in power divine,
So shall our God's own wonders shine.

182

C.M.
Dying in the Lord.

1 THIS sleeping dust, great quick'ning W
 We leave to Thine embrace,
 And long for Thine appearing, Lord,
 Which shall these temples raise.

2 How bless'd such dead, the body sleeps
 In Thee, great living Lord ;
 We joy with these, though nature weeps
 For we do trust Thy word.

3 We join their triumphs in Thy praise,
 We lift our praises too ;
 For love and power, rich blood and grace
 That brings each conq'ror through.

4 Death's dreary shades our Jesus blest,
 The mould'ring tomb He cheers ;
 There the expecting dust shall rest,
 Till our "Great God" appears.

183

L.M.
The Great Lord of the inward quickening

1 O PUT in force Thy quick'ning grace,
 Inward I seek Thy op'ning face ;
 Great Lord transform this soul of mine,
 O claim my spirit, Lord, 'tis Thine.

2 Lord, from Thy mercy seat now shine,
 Dissolve this spirit into Thine,
 Cleanse every spot, discharge all fear,
 Let union bonds, O Lord, appear.

HYMNS.

3 Renewing streams are by Thy Word,
O Thou my living, quick'ning Lord ;
Now is Thy living power revealed,
My union with Thee surely sealed.

4 Most mighty Lord, Thy life and power
Refreshing stillness doth secure,
While sweetly glows the life to tell,
I with Thee now already dwell.

L.M.

184 *O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted, behold I will lay thy stones with fair colours.*

1 O THOU afflicted, tempest-tost,
And in your o'erwhelmed feeling lost,
'Midst floods of nature's bitter thrall,
Pow'rless and comfortless withal.

2 God comes and finds eternal praise,
And " colours fair " gild all His ways,
When comfortless afflictions roll,
O'erwhelming long the heart and soul.

3 But God there lays His firmest ground,
On which foundations fair to found ;
His secret grace is stones let down,
Though waves the substance yet may drown.

4 Yes, and our God will be alone
Before He makes His nature known,
With purpose firm, but pitying eye,
He'll let our help in flesh all die.

5 But thou afflicted hear thy God,
Yearning o'er thee beneath His rod.
" Behold I make my grace appear,
Behold I build Jerus'lem here."

HYMNS.

185

L.M.
The same.

- 1 WELL, light and momentary too,
As from our inward ground we view,
Is direst woe, or mortal pain,
Compared with glories, endless gain.
- 2 Still O how slowly we believe,
Man is a wreck, and that wreck leave ;
Yet precious faith God's Word will take,
That God shall all things new create.
- 3 " Secret sustaining has begun,
Eternal praise afflicted one ;
He says, I will, ' O tempest-tost,'
Thy praise for me shall not be lost."

L.M.

186

Reconciliation grace. By whom also we have access into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

- 1 RICH reconciliation grace !
It union's great, vast treasures bring ;
Blest access finds our Father's face,
Sweet praise there springs and we do sing—
- 2 His love gave us this inward place,
His righteousness secures our stay,
His power divine rules in its grace,
His blood divine procured the way.
- 3 We find believing, hold the Word,
Find cheerful faith turn doubts away ;
Stillness make faith's clear hearing heard,
Warm confidence keep Christ's full sway.
- 4 Find Christ in vital quick'ning stand,
Inwardly are His wonders known ;
Sweet charity, the loved one's band,
Honour exalting Christ alone.

HYMNS.

5 'Tis saints bear out the chastening rod,
How freedom dwells with holy fear,
That hope through all things joys in God,
Glory gives its own foretastes here.

6 Rich grace, great glory of our God,
Thy hope expanding lifts our joy,
Come, come, O come, break forth abroad,
All saints', all angels' tongues employ.

187

^{7's.}
In Christ Jesus.

1 IN Christ Jesus is the law,
Which doth quicken every saint,
See Him here our spirits draw,
O come in and cease to faint.

2 Ye who seek, why outward stay ?
Christ's the righteous standing-place,
Jesus takes all guilt away,
All here's mercy, love, and grace.

3 All in Him, a law of might,
Living, working, in the Head,
Be our hearts in Him but right,
Forth in us then is it shed.

4 Shed in spirit, life, and might,
Spiritual majestic life,
Jesu's power, Immanuel's right,
Christ's domain 'midst nature's strife.

5 Freedom, Jesus Christ doth stand,
Sin and death are passed away ;
Bound to God, and love the band,
Happy, thankful, here we stay.

HYMNS.

6 Holiness and freedom dear,
Sweetly blending thus do reign ;
Christ shall stand all conq'ring here,
Till he comes to earth again.

7 In Christ Jesus ! O, our God !
Within placed, drawn, held by Thee,
One vast Temple, where adored
Now and ever Thou shalt be.

188

L.M.
Quickened together with Christ.

1 "QUICKEN'D together ! " then my soul
" Newness of life " shall thee control,
Shall spring and shine as inward grace,
Until I see Him face to face.

2 God's admin'stration full as free,
Quick'ning with Christ has brought to me,
And its new life my soul shall live,
For Christ the living power will give.

3 The sinner in the surety dies,
Lo, the old man destroyèd lies ;
And I come forth in that blest place,
Where sweetly shines the reign of grace.

4 The " Glory of the Father " stands
In might throughout these joints and bands,
My soul rest thou therein, and be
Raised out of death eternally.

5 " Quicken'd together," I shall live
While Jesus' death can virtue give,
While with the Father's glory fraught,
Is this dear peace, my Ransom, bought.

HYMNS.

6 "Newness of Life" shall still pervade
Where I with Jesus one am made,
And there in Christ my spirit stays,
To love, and live, and sing His praise.

7 All ye my pow'rs, Him love and serve,
Christ lives in me, my faith observe ;
Yield to Him, He's my strength t' obey,
My spirit, by Him, with Him stay.

189

8.8.6
Safe in the Ark.

1 YES, though the gospel time were gone
The Church through sin be put to scorn,
"God is His people's hope ;"
"The heavens should flee, as a chased roe,"
Earth's myriads now, reel to and fro,"
Jehovah bears us up.

2 See night, far spent, hang dreary now,
Long gath'ring frowns sit round Thy brow,
Great Head, and Lord of all ;
The wreck of time precipitates,
Man to himself Christ's honour takes,
Then soon the doom must fall.

3 But what is that faith finds in view
To bear us up, to bear us through,
Those storms amazing dark ?
Christ ! ever "As the day the strength,"
Prepared through holy fear at length,
Himself to be their Ark.

4 Mercy long slighted now is gone,
Divine restraints are all withdrawn,
Now man is left to man ;

HYMNS.

But lo ! breaks not the final wrath,
Till saints within their Ark stand forth.
" Shut in " ere 'tis began.

5 O, if I then " alive remain "
Raise me secure by thy great Name,
Jehovah my strong Friend ;
Where saints shall terror meditate,
While their descending Christ shall make
That dreadful glorious end.

190

C.M.
We are for praise.

- 1 L ORD, Thou'rt our Temple ; we for praise,
Have our new thankful heart,
Inspired " in Thee " with solemn lays,
To sound out what Thou art.
- 2 Dear, blessed, gracious Lord, in Thee,
There's fellowship in joy,
When God well pleased in Christ we see,
Praise must our tongues employ.
- 3 Lo " in Thee " our rejoicing God,
The Holy Ghost makes known,
Our loving God's love shed abroad,
Makes love and joy our own.
- 4 Th' essential attributes divine,
Blending in harmony,
" The name declared " God's love made mine,
O these a song must be.
- 5 Blest stillness bears th' Eternal Name
In heav'nly music's sounds ;
Then holy fire glows forth again,
And love and praise abounds.

HYMNS.

6 We in our day raise "the Lord's song,"
Which ancient saints begun,
Let hearts inspired the strains prolong,
Till all the choirs are one.

191

L.M.
The stricken seeking one.

1 POOR stricken seeker! see the soul
Turned in, all anxious t'wards new hope,
With deep desire, Christ is its goal ;
With Him, Him only taken up.

2 See—what a broken earnest frame
Marks now th' astonished stricken one ;
" O could my heart but grasp that Name,
In faith which is salvation come.

3 I see, for sinners help hath God,
Mercy, yea, pardon too I see ;
That grace His gospel sounds abroad,
But, oh, how can it come to me ?

4 My sins frown dark, and hew me down
As fuel, quenchless for God's ire ;
Sinner immortal, must I drown,
Deathless, 'midst pangs of sins and fire ?

5 Mercy, O mercy 'tis I seek ;
God's grace, Christ Jesus, can reach me !
Or heavy guilt, me, wretched, weak,
Will sink t' eternal misery.

6 Impressions give not fixedness,
For from such, all, I've found, I've swerved,
And " sin's exceeding sinfulness,"
Has crushed the hopes which till now served.

HYMNS.

7 Still in my quiet, Christ doth gleam
A centre firm, attractive, clear ;
Lord Jesus Christ, on Thee I lean,
In spirit come, me save, me cheer.

8 O show that Thou didst die for me !
Thy Righteousness to be my door ;
So op'ning, place me, Lord, " in Thee,"
Sav'd, living, happy evermore.

C. M.

192 *Christ sustaining the soul in service is Christ to the soul itself.*

1 O DID the saints to saints give forth
What Christ can be from each,
Then would " the mystery " show its worth,
Wide would that glory reach.

2 The heart to Christ's love-service giv'n,
Will Christ sustain in love ;
From Christ in pow'r we can't be riven,
Right with the heav'nly Dove.

3 Happy " fulfilling of Christ's law,"
Christ served and serving too ;
While tender grace from Christ we draw,
We our own souls bedew.

4 Much in the Spirit, Lord, I'd be,
In worship, service too ;
And that Thyself be much with me,
Thy glory I'd pursue.

L. M.

193 *The Word proceeding for salvation, and holding the soul in itself.*

1 O MIGHTY, living Word proceed,
Break forth in Spirit, pow'r and life,
Declare Thy wondrous, precious seed,
To live and triumph 'midst all strife.

HYMNS.

- 2 Break up in souls a ground divine,
Make known, make sure salvation come ;
Declare and seal the members Thine,
The lost ones saved, made with Thee one.
- 3 See light intense, a shadowing o'er,
Th' afflicted fixed on Christ set forth,
Strong hope oppressed ; a heart to pour
Its woes, and refuge from just wrath.
- 4 Eternal love the time well knows,
To bring forth souls new-born in Thee ;
Thy work of grace, bright, pure, forth goes,
The soul from death, sin, guilt, set free.
- 5 So, first is found the child of light,
In unction rich an heav'nly form,
How brightly free, holy, upright,
Chaste love, sweet joy its state adorn.
- 6 From charges free, with Jesus one,
He lives, it lives, and so abides ;
Its law of life in spirit come,
'Tis light in Christ whate'er betides.
- 7 How it desires true nourishment,
The sincere stream to grow thereby ;
To Christ it comes in whom is sent
Proceeding inward full supply.
- 8 Now in the sanctuary's ground,
The Word embracing, saved ones see ;
Borne on by Him shall they be found,
With Him, still with Him shall they be.

194 L.M.
"The pleasant land," or land of desire.

- 1 "LAND of desire," thou still art known,
 As that, where heav'nly fruit is grown,
 Let holy stillness but be found,
 Then faith conducts us on Thy ground.
- 2 The circumcision all pass there,
 This land their corn and wine doth bear ;
 Here are blest Jacob's fountain streams,
 His dewy heav'ns—his sun's sweet beams.
- 3 Free'd from iniquity, that land
 See resting on dread Calv'ry stand,
 How God desires His Israel there,
 What then was done shall well declare.
- 4 "His soul poured out" was trav'ling there,
 His burdened soul fulfill'd this care :—
 To justify whom he loved well,
 And buy this land where such should dwell.
- 5 See in the Spirit of our God,
 Its fruitful plains, range rich abroad,
 Where faith substantiating sows,
 And richly reaps what freely grows.
- 6 "Land of desire," O we'll press in,
 Plenty does there profusion bring,
 We'll pass the bounds of time and sense,
 How poor they grow who eat not thence.
- 7 Desire strong lab'ring gets within,
 Then Christ's rich working doth begin,
 Spontaneously, fruits, corn, and wine,
 This land luxuriantly makes mine.

HYMNS.

8 O how, here grows the mighty vine,
Whose fruits pressed, make great earnest
Forbid, O God, I any wise, [shine,
E'er should this pleasant land despise.

C.M.

195 *Now will I sing unto my well beloved a song of his vineyard.*

1 O SING our well beloved's song
Among His pleasant plants,
Jerus'lem's Lord hath fruit among
Her true inhabitants.

2 O yes, His vineyard's fruitful hill
In myst'ry still we find,
Where Christ the anointing horn doth fill,
The inward, still, staid mind.

3 O this "choice vine!" Lord 'tis my choice,
No where such pleasure springs,
As when rich grace through Thy own voice,
A fresh blest "oneness" brings.

4 In lively union, hold me still,
Where clusters large are grown,
Thy vineyard in a fruitful hill,
Yields more than yet we've known.

C.M.

196 *He looked, that it should bring forth fruit,
and he built a tower in it.*

1 B ELOVED Lord, wall me within
Thy vineyard and its "tower,"
To Thee with me Thy vine shall bring,
Rich fruits through Thine own power.

2 O! I will joy in this "true vine,"
Christ is its boughs among,
By it, make God's great goodness mine,
The Christ in pow'r my song.

HYMNS.

3 Help me to reckon largely, Lord,
 On what Thou art within,
 And what Thou thus to faith afford,
 Me, more to Thee shall win.

4 Keep me in righteous judgment, Lord,
 So shall I to Thee cling,
 And Thou in me spread forth abroad,
 Increasing praise shall bring.

5 So shall "the hedge" not be removed,
 Nor shall rude "wasting" come,
 But glorying in my well-belov'd,
 Shall lade me richly home.

197

C.M.
Against dark doubts.

1 D^ARK doubts be gone, my Jesus saith
 I have eternal life,
 Hold on, in hark'ning, O my faith,
 And soon shall cease this strife.

2 O shall not God th' interior "pitch,"
 And spread it where He wills ;
 He speaks, and so His unction rich
 His word of grace fulfils.

3 Dark doubts, sad fears are not for one,
 Who to Christ speaking clings ;
 For where the life is pow'r shall come,
 Which true blest freedom brings.

4 Dark doubts, cold reasoning, and gloom,
 The inward life will smite ;
 These all Christ conquer'd in the tomb,
 So life breaks into light.

HYMNS.

5 Jehovah Lord, Thy cov'nant Name
Shall meet each trying hour ;
Sin, Satan, bondage, with their train,
Shall flee the Christ in power.

6 Then spread Thy Tabernacle, Lord,
Truth, life, and liberty ;
Thy glorious Spirit spread abroad,
Our hearts are turned to Thee.

198

L.M.
Perfect peace.

1 "THOU wilt keep Him in perfect peace,
Whose trusting mind is staid on Thee,"
Built in my rock the waves all cease,
By breaking there to reach to me.

2 Arrived within Jehovah's name,
The happy upright soul does find
There an interior, bright, free plain,
Where firmly walks the truth-girt mind.

3 His God most intimately near,
His shining, holy, presence gives,
Brightness divine through holy fear,
Becomes th' intelligence he lives.

4 O ! here is peace, Christ's conquest-peace,
Perfect, without a foe to fear,
That word, which so oft spoke release,
Breathes now, " Peace, peace, be of good
cheer."

5 Lo ! " staid in God," such enter now,
The overcomer's glorious rest,
Do hold in Christ the " life crown'd brow,"
And shall of God be here confess'd.

HYMNS.

- 6 Whate'er transpires but works the will,
Their God's these trustful but desire,
Onward, in inward glory still,
They move! from wrong and sin retire.
- 7 They, trustful, calm, and wakeful dwell,
So much in God, and in His mind,
Their prayers and faith His mind oft tell,
To do His will they live to find.
- 8 Their source is "everlasting strength,"
Their faith ordained all pow'rs t' subdue ;
But when their King appears at length,
O then their glory comes to view.

C.M.

Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day ; we are not of the night, nor of darkness.
199 —1 Thess. v. 5.

- 1 TRUTH's light of Life, in mercy come,
Shall ever with us stay,
O bless our God, our Righteous Sun,
Forms sure clear dawn of day.
- 2 O there's a gloomy darkness nigh,
An active darkness hour,
Minds, all plunge into sins dark lie,
And bring that darkness pow'r.
- 3 Men dare their gospel God, and rush,
To set up man's deep things,
Man's fabric, devils in it crush :
For flesh the devil brings.
- 4 O! those recesses in the man,
Where man's resources be :
The pit to vomit, see, began,
The spirit scorpion's see.

HYMNS.

5 See night and smoke fix on each one;
From gospel "greenness" gone,
The horrid locust horsemen come,
Whose torments from hell dawn.

6 O ye seal'd in the cov'nant hold,
"Ye are not of the night,"
The clear, sweet, daydawn ye behold,
As children of the light.

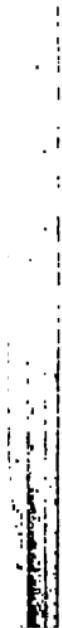
7 The gospel Sun gone down from man,
Shines glorious in the Name,
There have the remnant all began,
E'en now, the Lamb's great reign.

8 In Christ the precious day dawn's gleam
Our wakeful gaze shall keep,
With full intelligence shall beam,
While till that hour men sleep.

200 ^{L.M.} *of Him, and through Him, and to Him.*

1 "O F Him," and "To Him," "Through
Him" we
Confess this strong felicity,
The Father's love, the Life of Christ,
The Spirit's pow'r praise in the high'st.

2 In this rich grace our spirits rest,
Though militant and oft opprest;
"Of Him" we stand, "Through Him" we
live,
"To Him" all glory will we give.



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